# FORUM

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THE AUSTRALIAN JOURNAL OF INTERPERSONAL RELATIONS

## TWO FEET LONG, HARD AS STEEL & CAN GO ALL NIGHT
MYTHS ABOUT MEN & SEX

## COULD YOU COPE WITH A FUN-LOVING, SEXY TEENAGE DAUGHTER?

## FIGHTING WINTER COLDS

## THINKING OF SWINGING?
ADVICE FROM AN EXPERT

## WEIGHT & YOUR MENSTRUAL CYCLE
VITAL READING FOR WOMEN

## SYDNEY HAVEN
½ MILLION HOMOSEXUALS!

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# FORUM

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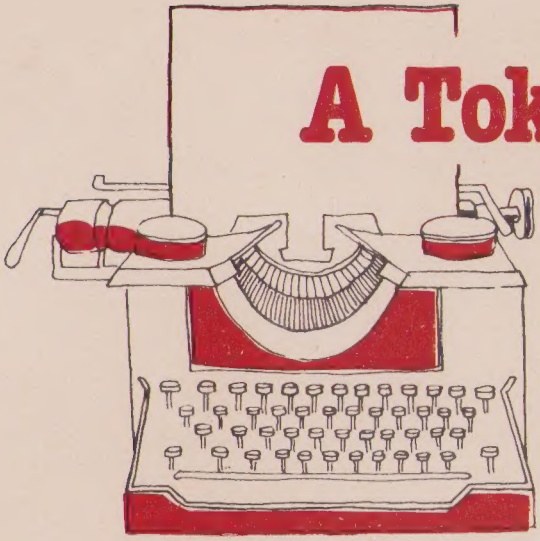
# A Token



Living with a feminist is really quite hard enough (there are benefits, I believe, although they do not exactly spring to mind). But living with a feminist under attack from her loving sisters is really beyond the pale. A state of virtual siege has existed since Forum published Editor Bettina Arndt's report on Sydney abortion centres — an article that took months of research and was intended as an objective consumer guide.

The roof fell in a few days later. A seminar on Unplanned Pregnancy was flooded with pamphlets attacking the article and our Ms Arndt. One woman said: 'Come on Bettina, with friends like you, women do not need enemies.' At the same seminar supporters of some smaller abortion clinics heckled and interrupted speakers from other clinics. A weighty correspondence of criticism and condemnation started to arrive at Forum.

That response is unfortunate, not least because it has made home life unbearable. More important is the fact that it increases division in a movement that desperately needs unity. The anti-abortion lobby must revel in circumstances that have pro-abortion women heckling other pro-abortion women at public seminars. If some blame is fairly aimed at Forum then we must accept responsibility. In the course of any research mistakes will be made and some truths that were apparent at the beginning of research will have become evident untruths by the end. Some of the criticism has not, however, questioned accuracy but rather has dissected political dogma and raised points irrelevant to the purpose

# Offering

of this article — which was, simply, to assist women in need of abortion services.

Forum will publish letters of constructive criticism of the article and of abortion services generally. It will not, however, publish letters that serve only to polarise the movement and increase purely political in-fighting. We want to hear, particularly, from women with personal experience of the clinics.

Just now we are feeling a little fragile. As usual, those who support an issue or an article will not write, so the criticism goes largely unchallenged.

Another person who must be feeling alone is Mrs Rosemary Kyburz, Queensland Liberal back-bencher. Mrs Kyburz has shown extraordinary courage in fighting Queensland's proposed anti-abortion legislation. The new law, still being debated as this is written, would not allow abortion after rape, incest or other reasons accepted by civilised States and countries. The law provides 14 years gaol for doctors and three years for women procuring their own abortions. Mrs Kyburz has broken party discipline to release the draft legislation to the press and has fought tirelessly. She has been hounded inside the Parliament and outside. Her office has been inundated by abusive letters, awash with mail and telegrams, much of it from the co-ordinated 'pro-life' propaganda machine which has sent sickening photographs of buckets of bloody foetuses and microscopic feet held between fingertips. One man telephoned threatening to rip her genitals apart.

Such is the level of debate in Queensland although it really is not a debate at all. Mrs Kyburz's supporters have undoubtedly, as usual, been their quiet selves.

Could Forum politely suggest that some of our readers may feel strongly enough about the subject to write to Mrs Kyburz at Parliament House, Brisbane, showing her some encouragement. And a letter or two to our Ms Arndt would not go astray. (TTM is a little tired of having tripe, temper and tirades for dinner.)

News about Australia, our friends and us.

## Soul Mates

The time has come. As we warned last month, we are now receiving far more Soul Mate letters than we can publish. We have had to discriminate in favour of our regular readers and so subscribers will be given preferential treatment with their letters being included as soon as possible. Non-subscriber's letters will be published but may be delayed when Soul Mates is overloaded.

So when forwarding your Soul Mate letter for publication, let us know if you are a subscriber. If you are not, it is never too late to begin! Help yourself by helping Forum.

It has been a gay life around Forum this month.

Our cover features a good friend Edoardo who kindly offered not only his body but also his bed for our cover shot. All was proceeding beautifully with George Farrell snapping shots, Trish Hutchinson lying peacefully by Edoardo's side when in walked Edoardo's lover. The startled man did a double-take and beat a hasty retreat out of the room, with Edoardo following offering explanations.

All was well and we are delighted with the suave Edoardo who incidentally was trying to look confused and rejected — why wasn't she interested? Actually we think he looks rather smug. Knowing Edoardo he probably can go all night . . . myths about male sexuality indeed?

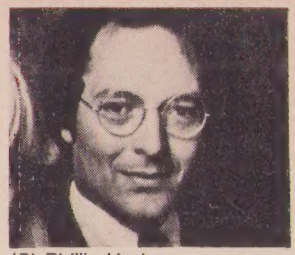
Our other gay discovery is Don Vautour, author of our exposé on Sydney — the Gay Capital of Australia. Don is a Canadian ex-journalist now struggling to establish himself as a freelance writer. He is presently preparing all sorts of exciting articles for Forum and we are feeding him on Saos and vegemite until he hits the big time (other magazine editors are welcome to use his ample talents provided he saves all the sexy articles for Forum). Don is full of extraordinary anecdotes about gay life such as the following story about the American gay novelist Christopher Isherwood. Isherwood was asked the old chestnut about what homosexuals actually *do* in bed. 'Why, everything you do . . .,' he replied. 'Only better, and more often'. (1) & (2)

## Herpes Sufferers

We were sad to hear that Sydney's club for herpes sufferers, The Type II Association, is no longer operating. This type of club fulfils a very important need in the case of diseases such as herpes for which there is as yet no firm cure. We would like to see the club re-established and would be happy to publish notices advertising public meetings, details of contact addresses and so on. Perhaps readers in other states might also be interested in establishing such a club. In the meantime we commend the action of

(1) Edoardo

(2) Don Vautour



(3) Phillip Hodson

the readers with herpes who are now advertising for Soul Mates through our reader correspondence service. It would be nice if all people with herpes were as responsible.

Brisbane readers may be interested in the Open Forum letter (p64) suggesting a self-help cystitis group. Although treatments for cystitis can be effective, there are many sufferers from chronic cystitis who would benefit from an exchange of ideas as well as the mutual support of a self-help group can offer.

## Touchē

From English Forum, we feel obliged to repeat this news item, no doubt written by their charming editor, Phillip Hodson.

'The extremely pleasant Bettina Arndt (known to her employees as the Queen Tina) writes from somewhere in Australia (a country to the left of New Zealand) as follows:

' "Look here you bunch of cross-eyed Pomeranian dingoes, if you run another article from Australian Forum without mentioning our esteemed organ as the source we'll put sheep dip in your toilet water and flush it down your back passage . . ."

'What Ms Arndt is trying to say is that, "We (i.e. she) would like the world to know that Australian Forum exists and occasionally publishes material which even more civilised countries find worthy of republication.

'She is in fact a marvellous human being, our sheila Tina, a qualified psychologist, famous TV personality (in Australia at any rate( and as editor of the OZ Forum she does indeed run pieces like the feature on Blood Pressure (UK Forum, Vol. 12, No. 12) which we take special delight in exercising our lawful option of re-publishing over here. (She does the same to our stuff over there.)

'PS — We note that the latest issue of Oz Forum received at Bramber Road carries an article about Bangkok written by *our* esteemed editor identical in every respect to the version first used in the UK Forum Vol. 12, No. 9, except that the author's name has been snipped off . . .' (3)

## Positions Vacant

### Crocheter

Is your gran a wiz with the crochet needle? She may be just what Forum is looking for.

We need people to manufacture Peter Heaters for our mail order service. Apparently they are quite easy to make and can be produced by the dozen during an evening's television viewing. So if you would like to supplement your income contact Trish at Forum.

### Journalists

Forum is also always in need of freelance journalists, particularly from other Australian states. If you are interested in writing for Forum, please contact the Editor, Bettina Arndt.

# SYDNEY

'No other city in the western world has such incredible potential for its gays as does Sydney . . . Sydney has it all' . . . John D. Stamford, Amsterdam-based publisher of Spartacus Gay Guide.
Don Vautour lets us in on the gay life.

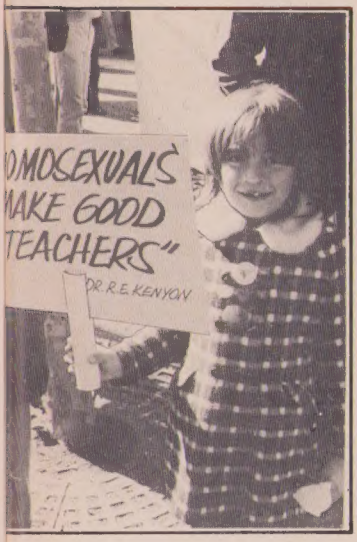
It is a notorious truism that to many gay Sydneysiders, the known world ends at an invisible, yet very real, line; just north of the harbour bridge, at the boundary between North Sydney and Crows Nest. And, they ask, why not? Where there is action there is life, after all; and while the busy 'beat' in St Leonards Park offers plenty of both, after sunset, beyond lie the suburbs. Suburbia is *them;* the city is *us!*

In a strange way it makes sense. Gay Sydney, or, rather, gay consciousness in Sydney, tends to think in specifics. Likewise, many gays point proudly to Oxford Street in Darlinghurst as Sydney's great Gay White Way, a localised version of San Francisco's famous Castro gay area or New York's Christopher Street. Oxford Street, they say, has more gay bars, bistros, clubs, pubs, restaurants, shops and businesses than the rest of Sydney lumped together; to some, the big gun from HMAS Sydney mounted in Hyde Park, its muzzle aimed directly at Taylor Square, is symbolic.

All that is but a small part of gay Sydney,

## GAY POLITICS — WHERE IT'S ALL HAPPENING

# FOR THE GAY LIFE




GAY THEATRE

GAY FOOD

GAY WAITERS — OLD PATCH'S

GAY BARS — CRICKETER'S ARMS

the life and colour that has fascinated Australians, gay or straight, for several decades. Sydney is unique this side of the Pacific; even those Asian gay Meccas, Bangkok and Manila, do not come close to Sydney's throbbing gay presence.

Gay San Franciscans fondly call their town the 'Baghdad by the Bay'; fortunately no such label clings to Sydney, although some years ago a crusader branded us the 'Sodom by the Sea' and that became, briefly, a sort of civic joke.

Unlike other major Australian cities Sydney groups most of its gay nightspots within a short walk of its business centre. Not all gay nightlife clusters at one point. It sprawls, sure, but not obscenely so. Since the mid-1950s Sydney has had the well-deserved reputation of being the gay Mecca of this side of the Pacific; every year tens of thousands of gay visitors, from every corner of Australia and, in ever-increasing numbers, from overseas, flock to Sydney. Why? For the very reasons, possibly, that diehard Sydneysiders just wouldn't even dream of living anywhere else — the city's cosmopolitan sophistication, its innate friendliness, a growing respect for its past and its environmental beauties, and a general tolerance of the unusual, the offbeat, the colourful and the outrageous, including homosexuality, which until recently was considered socially abnormal.

Sydney has an extraordinarily large number of gay residents, although no gay survey has been undertaken or, probably, ever will. One in 10, so said Kinsey, and in the 1940s at that; today one in eight, even one in seven, might be more appropriate; on that basis Sydney has approximately half a million gays. Hence its gay fascination, and the gay Mecca image.

It is not all a gay haven. Many areas, particularly the western suburbs, are full of gay-haters with kill-the-poofters attitudes and, notably in suburban public parks, a strong urge towards gay-bashing. But gay Sydney is there, too. 'No other city in the western world,' says John D. Stamford, the Amsterdam-based publisher of *Spartacus Gay Guide*, 'has such incredible potential for its gays as does Sydney. Elsewhere in the world, well, Britain is on its knees; Europe cringes under inflation; America is undergoing a heavy anti-gay backlash; and nowhere in Asia, save perhaps the Philippines, is a gay person truly safe. Sydney has it all — the best of all worlds. And that is wonderful.'

If gay Sydney could be said to start at an exact geographical place, it would be at Hyde Park looking up Oxford Street, Darlinghurst, towards Taylor Square. There stretches Sydney's late-seventies version of San Francisco's famous Castro Street, a two-kilometre-long 'path' of openly gay establishments. Nowadays gay bars and pubs have proliferated to every corner of Sydney, from the furthermost western suburbs to the shores of Bondi, to Manly, to Cronulla and beyond. But Oxford Street has the best, the most of them. There gays mingle freely with the old Australian residents and the new migrants, shopping and strolling by day, eating out, bar-hopping, cruising, raging by night. A decade ago Gay meant Different; nowadays Sydney gays mostly blend in with the local colour, and the locals don't mind; it takes all types, they say, and the gays, after all, like bargains as much as anyone else. Hence Oxford Street's never-ending, 24-hour attraction.

Nothing is more indicative of Sydney's general tolerance of gays than the fact that many gay venues, bars, saunas, even sex shops, are widely tolerated even in the midst of the business centre, not hidden away in some far-off sleazy tenderloin. Nowadays gay Sydney is virtually everywhere, and proudly proclaiming its presence, not with banners, but merely by being there. 'I have never seen such a growing, living "phenomenon" as that of gay Sydney,' said a popular American novelist whose current image happens to be bisexual-chic, during a 1979 visit. 'It far surpasses anything that any city in the USA, even in my opinion San Francisco,

has achieved over the past few years.' After visiting — for research, one suspects —.several local gay haunts, he further added that, 'Were I 25 years younger I would sell up everything and move to Australia. The future is here.' Heady words, those.

★ ★ ★

Where, and how, did it all begin? No one knows. In 1977 a gay journalist, Martin Smith, in a magazine series entitled *Australian Gay History* for *Campaign*, claimed that there were known gay establishments in Sydney as far back as the 1820s; this was challenged, however, and no proof has ever been presented. Up to the present century homosexuality, writes the English gay historian A.L. Rouse, was an upper-class luxury, a pleasure for the idle rich to indulge in, behind closed doors, to protect the 'public morality'. The masses, meanwhile, took the prevalent Christian attitude that it was an unspeakable vice, to be stamped out. So it must have been in Sydney in the early decades of the colony: any public declaration of one's homosexuality, if one were stupid enough, meant at best social ostracism and public insult; at worst immediate legal punishment.

There is, however, documented evidence of gay social activity in Sydney as early as 1910. Ed Sheldon, an American gay writer, has recorded several interviews with 'Countess Olga', a gay man well in his nineties who until his death last year, claimed to be Sydney's oldest known gay. 'Olga's' accumulation of diaries, personal letters, newspaper clippings and other documentation on gay Sydney, presently tied up in litigation, would provide, Sheldon says, valuable historical perspective on Sydney's gay past, if ever they are released for research.

Indeed, it took World War II, and the many social upheavals in its aftermath, to bring about change. By the late 1940s gay men and women had begun to abandon the Victorian love-that-dare-not-speak-its-name attitude to homosexuality for a looser, freer, more enjoyable lifestyle; gay liberation was a long way off, but as more gays kept 'coming out' to seek like-minded companions a number of pubs became gay hangouts — the *Rex* in Kings Cross was one of the earliest — and, by the mid-fifties, Sydney had a worldwide reputation as a gay Mecca or capital (a distinction shared with San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York, Montreal, Toronto, London and Paris).

The mid-sixties and early seventies saw new gay nightspots (led by the *Purple Onion*, now closed, and the ever popular *Capriccio's*), greater efforts by gays at social acceptance and recognition and, significantly, a growing awareness of gay rights, championed by *CAMP NSW* and other groups. By 1975, many business concerns, particularly banks, had at last begun to realise the economic idiocy of ignoring the financial possibilities of one-tenth (if we are to accept Kinsey) of Sydney's population. And so, today, many a $100,000 home in the more affluent suburbs is gay-owned; as are many units, owned either by single gays or gay 'couples', both male and female. Gays hold responsible jobs, get mortgages to buy houses, and live where they please. There are gay butchers, gay carpenters, gay supermarket managers, gay telephonists, gay taxi drivers, bankers, therapists, writers, TV and radio personalities ... even gay wharfies, surfies, athletes and ministers.

★ ★ ★

Because gays, like all Sydneysiders, have ample opportunity to carouse, drink, and fraternise until the wee smalls, the city has none of the snobby cliquish coldness of Adelaide, where tight little groups and dinner parties are the rule; or of Melbourne, where repressive liquor laws and tight-fisted bar and club owners tend to drive away gay patrons; or of Perth, where for all the nice, friendly gays, one feels that somewhere, somehow, someone must be having fun. Sydney is not like that: here the gay visitor is free to wander, in relative safety, and enjoy the sights; in fact, on Oxford Street, chances are good that he will meet someone nice, friendly, and gay, to take him by the hand (literally) and lead him to

the nearest bar. There are also, for those in need, groups for gays with alcohol and drug problems; a gay nondenominational church; religious groups for gay Catholics and Jews; CAMP (Campaign Against Moral Persecution) NSW; several gay women's organisations, and collectives; and at least a half-dozen private gay social groups, all of which hold regular social events open to all. Teenage gays have their own group, the *NSW Gay and Lesbian Youth Services* (via CAMP NSW), and there is an organisation for gay and straight transvestites, the *Seahorse Club*. Lesbian teachers, feminists, bikies, Asians, trade unionists, academics and teachers, mothers, fathers, CB freaks, you name it; all minorities, sexual and other, in Sydney's gay world are well catered for.

Fancy a gay plumber to unblock your drains? Consult *New Campaign,* a monthly tabloid publication (calling itself Australia's First Gay Newspaper) for classified adverts from tradesmen, insurance brokers, doctors, lawyers, escorts/masseurs and other 'professionals' who, either gay or pro-gay (all that gay money floating about, you know) go after the gay trade. Not all succeed. Last year an electrician (possibly hetero) took an ad in *Campaign* and discovered to his dismay, that the calls he received for 'services' were not please-fix-my-toaster, but do-you-play? Recently escorts (who often turn up in jeans and sneakers) and masseurs (many of whom have barely got through a how-to book on massage, but never mind) have started to advertise locally — one reads between the lines, of course; it is wise to ask, and not too discreetly, what the 'services' entail, for the lad one engages might just be into massage and nothing else.

★ ★ ★

Where do Sydney's gays go for a good time? Five years ago the choice pretty well narrowed down to one area — Kings Cross. One notable exception, then as now, is *Capriccio's* (also called *International Vanities)* at 163 Oxford Street; Cap's, as it is known, has a well-established worldwide reputation for its mime drag performances. A busy, flash, bitchy disco bar, it stretches over two floors, one for drinking, dancing, cruising, the other for its shows. The clientele varies — from beautiful boys to elderly queens, with every gay type inbetween. Few women. Cap's is probably Sydney's most easy-going gay bar, where one can meet our gay tourists from overseas (ridiculously high airfares keep many gay travellers away).

Not far off, at 33 Oxford Street, is *Patch's*, currently touting itself as Sydney's hottest gay disco. Perhaps it is — back in 1976, when John Travolta's unforgettable performance in that otherwise banal film, *Saturday Night Fever,* gave Sydney its first taste of disco, it was, there, where it all took off; other gay discos have since come and (many) gone, but it goes on and on, always packed to capacity, always exciting if somewhat more chic-punk-bi-trendy nowadays than gay.

Never mind? All those nice young things gyrating wildly on the dance floor are a delight to the eye. Twenty-one to 22 seems *the* age at *Patch's* these days; older gay fossils seek the quieter haven of the nearby bar, unfortunately out of sight if not of mind, or in the restaurant.

Somewhat further along are two currently very 'in' gay pars — *Tropicana,* at 87 Oxford Street, and *Flo's Palace* at 97. There, everyone mixes, the crowds flow and all types, ages and sizes are found, from the young with-its to older cruisers, a sprinkling of Asians, and that unmistakeably suburban crowd of gay men one sees only on Fridays or Saturdays, trying to enjoy themselves. An electric atmosphere, to say the least — similar to *Palms*, at 124 Oxford Street (opposite Cap's), a below-street establishment with an atmosphere faintly reminiscent of those *intime* gay bars of Paris. Small, smokey, mirrors everywhere; and a very nice crowd, although somewhat snooty.

Just round the corner, at 273 Crown Street, is *Ruby Red's*, a pleasant gay bar for women only; men too, but only as 'companions' to the ladies. Inverted discrimination?

'Sydney's two gay back room clubs are heavily into leather/S&M but are open to all and offering hard sex "action".'

Perhaps. But it works; up until recent times many gay men's bars blatantly barred or 'discouraged' (harassed) gay women as patrons; and *Ruby Red's* policy of accompanied-males-only, says its manager, is purely protection for its patrons. Still, a shame.

Ladies also drink (in their own cubbyhole bar) at *Cricketer's Arms Hotel,* a long established, very popular pub at 106 Fitzroy Street, Surry Hills, eight minutes' walk up Bourke Street from Taylor Square. And on the way there is the *Beresford Hotel,* a recent addition to the gay scene in the area, very pleasant with garden area and restaurant. Busy on Sundays. The waiters and bar staff smile and look like they mean it. Most odd, that.

Harder to find, but well worth seeking out if one is so inclined, are Sydney's two back room clubs — known as BRs — more heavily into leather/S&M, but open to all and offering hard sex 'action'.

Anything goes is the general rule at BRs, right there on the premises — unless, of course, you are one of those 'chickens' who prefers to drink, play pool, and just watch. They are *Club 80*, at 48 Little Oxford Street (directly behind Cap's), and *Barracks* at 2 Flinders Street; a third, *The Pits*, is slated to open in May (109 Oxford Street, Bondi Junction). BRs, widely popular in most US cities (Los Angeles has between 25 and 30), have not caught on so well in Sydney; surprisingly, given gay Sydney's near-fanaticism for anything new and American. It took *Signal* (Crown Lane, East Sydney) to start off, in 1977, the BR craze, with its fully-equipped dungeon and those adverts in gay publications blaring Not For Everyone. Predictably, everyone went; and in desperation the hard-core BR devotees moved on, first to *Barracks,* and now to *The Pits.*

BRs are a unique phenomenon on the gay scene; we will look into them more closely in a future issue of Forum.

Tired? Coffee is good and hot at *Nana's,* 312 Bourke Street, as are the patrons. Here you might find some nice, available young man between his rounds for the night. BYO too, a tantalising thought. Anyone for a party?

In trendy Paddington the *Unicorn Hotel,* at 106 Oxford Street, is a near-perfect example of what most neighbourhood boozers should be like — nestled cozily between blocks of art galleries, antique shops and small boutiques, and its clientele 50-50, mixed, gay and hetero. The locals think that is just fine, too. Further, at 242, is the *Traffic Light* (formerly Enzo's), small and often packed; its outdoor courtyard, with its Roman columns and shady grape vines, is truly delightful.

Nearby, at 252, is the *Apollo Bar & Restaurant,* with a mature clientele, better-dressed and prone more to good conversation than loud music. A refreshing change. On weekends a varied lot of good-looking older gay men with their fashionably turned out young escorts enjoy themselves quietly in this most elegant of gay establishments. The next-door ocker pub, however, is hopelessly hetero.

In contrast to Oxford Street, Kings Cross

now seems sleazy and dull. One exception, however, is *Tina's*, at 242 William Street, somehow managing to escape the hubbub of Darlinghurst Road's cheap heterosexual nightspots. It attracts an easy-going, friendly crowd, late-20s to 30s, of no fixed type, a full assortment of the gay Cross, well represented, and the suburbs too, mostly North Shore.

Pass the *Alamein Fountain* and *Fitzroy Gardens* (where vice squad officers in mufti carefully watch the pay-for-play trade) is *The Rex,* for 31 years — until its sale in 1979 — Sydney's oldest and best-known gay pub. Not so now, though. Renovations have changed its old character and the front bar, once a gay haven is now mixed. Gone are the days when, if one stood long enough at the bar, all one's gay friends would eventually pass by. Don't take your suburban straight friends to the *Barrel Inn* on Tuesday nights; several bikie clubs have an 'evening out' then, and you won't be able to move for denim or well-worn leather.

No fear, though; all the lions in hides and chains are really pussycats at heart. And the usual assorted mixture of gay types, mostly locals, packs out the place most nights and on weekends.

★ ★ ★

Gay saunas are popular. Sydney has several of international standards and all have flexible day-night hours; a few even operate around the clock on weekends. Two of the livelier spas are right in the city centre: *Roman Baths,* at 250 Pitt Street, and around the corner, *King Steams,* at 127 King Street, attract a wide variety of young gay types, predominantly business-suited by day but, of course, the full range after 6.00 pm.

*253 Club*, at oddly enough, 253 Oxford Street (entrance at the rear, from the lane) is another popular spa, as is, in nearby Kensington, *Ken's Karate Club,* at 83 Anzac parade. Very popular in late afternoon with young students from nearby NSW Uni and young business types heading home after work.

Do you get the impression that gay Sydney is all bars, clubs and saunas? Perish the thought; there is much more to it all than merely drinking spots. In matters of sex most gays, like their heterosexual peers, prefer to dally at home behind closed (and locked) doors, with the cat out and the blinds drawn. How dull! 'The state,' the Canadian prime minister Pierre Trudeau once said, 'has no place in the bedrooms of the nation.' How right he is; and why doesn't the NSW State government explain its too-long unwillingness to legalise gay sex acts in private, between adults? We are listening, Nev.

But then not everyone, gay or otherwise, likes sex in bed.

Hence the 'beats' — 'where there's a park, there's a beat', goes a popular old gaysooth. How right. On all but the coldest nights many a beach, street, park — even a well-known North Shore cemetery, complete with chapel — turns into a busy gay cruising area. In many outlying suburbs car cruising has become virtually a sport.

Sydney's most romantic (and central) gay meeting place by night has to be the walk along the 'canal' at *Rushcutter's Bay Park*, two or three minutes as the fruit bats fly, from Kings Cross-Darlinghurst. And Council has now permanently padlocked the public toilets near *New Beach Road*, at the eastern end of the park, haven for gay-bashers. RBP has a long history of violence, but on most warm nights, its standing room only for gay action.

Other outdoorsy gay rendezvous spots are *Queens Park,* Waverley, *Hyde Park, Bondi Beach* and *Balmoral Beach,* Mosman.

Male whores (hustlers) gather by the fountain at *Fitzroy Gardens,* Kings Cross, day and night. So does the vice squad, many of these hardened street-lads are well under legal age. Pay-for-play males also prowl the gay bars of Oxford Street, usually on weekends, at rates from $40.00 downward, depending on what the traffic will bear and how well hung it is.

How does a male whore earn his living?

By being versatile. Unfortunately, most are not, which explains (that and police arrests) why the turnover in the 'trade' is so great. 'I get by okay,' says a stocky 18-year-old sitting by the fountain, watching the passing middle-aged men eye him up. 'I'm well-hung, and when I get a really old mark I charge by the centimetre!' And why not? It is bigger, after all, in metric.

And be warned: public toilets — notably the one at Town Hall Station — are taboo (the law again); better a leisurely walk, at any old time, down *Macleay Street,* Kings Cross or *Pitt Street,* City (towards Central Station), *Darlinghurst Road* from one end to the other; and, by night, at the famous 'wailing wall' at *Green Park,* Darlinghurst, best after the bars close.

On the beach? There's not much room these days at *Lady Jane,* at Inner South Head, Watson's Bay — reached by bus from Kings Cross — but this is Sydney's best gay nude beach, and a must. Mixed, but pleasant. Further out, on the rocks, is where the male-male action takes place. Otherwise the (non-nude) beaches at *Bondi* and *Bronte* see plenty of gays and a lot of picking up goes on — they say the sea air does things to a man — as it does at *Balmoral Beach,* Mosman; what passes for a beach along *The Esplanade,* Manly; and, of course, anywhere along Manly's north-eastern beach from *Queenscliff* to *Shelly Beach.* The tiny nude beach at *Ashton Park,* Mosman, is purely a 'local's' but North Shore gays go there though not in crowds. No one does anything in crowds on the North Shore, it seems. But that's life.

Hungry? Maybe you have heard the old sooth about find a gay waiter and you will get good service. Better yet, fix him up with the chef, add an ex-lover as wine waiter and another as barman, and, well, you will have it made! Anyway, try the exclusively gay *Apollo Bar & Restaurant* for a truly superb dinner in elegant surroundings, more like a private men's club; at 252 Oxford Street, Paddington. Others: *L'Entrecote,* 146 Burton Street, Darlinghurst; *Le Cantal,* 203 Oxford Street (if you can get in); *Bali,* 98 Abercrombie Street, Chippendale; and *l'Ironique,* 246 Darling Street, Balmain. And many others. An all-too-rare gay oasis of quiet suburban sanity, with freshly ground coffee, good snacks and plenty of handsome smiles, is *The Coffee Bean,* 612 Darling Street, Rozelle. Open late.

How safe are gay nightspots for straights? There is a widespread and, when you think about it, truly silly notion about that any card-carrying heterosexual male daring to venture into a gay haunt will immediately be dragged off and ravished by hordes of screeching wild-eyed men (and, if we are to believe the anti-gay Festival Of Light, instantly 'corrupted' into homosexuality, an even more absurd idea). Not surprisingly, straights often visit gay bars, either with gay friends or, on the rare occasion, to take in a gay show; *Capriccio's* takes straight bookings for its mime drag shows — and, of course, *Patch's* and other gay discos are more mixed these days than outright gay.

Is there a code of etiquette to follow? 'We dislike uptight straight men coming in alone,' says the owner of an Oxford Street bar. 'But then, whenever heterosexual men come in by mistake, either alone or in groups, thinking the place is just another bar, we politely stop them at the door and tell them the facts. Now and then someone gets enraged or else 'phones the police. The law knows we exist; in fact we get on really well with the officers at the local precinct. So it is no worries, usually.

'And all that fear about gays jumping on any man passing by is so much shit — I've been in this business for nearly 10 years now, and I can safely say — it applies to me personally as well — that gays are if anything fussier than most heterosexual men. Beer-bellies or the ball-scratching-ocker-shorts-and-thongs types turn gays off. And there are enough available gay guys around to keep us busy for a long time — the straights are safe.'

**Next month:** A closer look at the BRs and all that hard sex 'action'.

# How Do You Cope With A Fun-Loving, Free-Spirited Teenage Daughter ?

Dealing with her daughter's sexuality forced Rosemary Vincent to face up to a hidden issue in her own marriage.

I am 47, reasonably intelligent and attractive, and for most of the past 27 years I have been extremely content with my husband, my home and our three children. Paul and I have weathered so many crises together that I was sure none of life's unexpected twists could 'rend us asunder'. But recently, I began to fear that I was mistaken.

Dozens of the major problems that beset most couples over the years had only brought us closer together. Then, the emerging sexuality of our youngest daughter began to cause so serious a rift between her father and me, that for a long, painful period I feared it would unravel the fabric of my marriage and permanently estrange a father and daughter who love each other deeply.

Eighteen years old, our Angela is a lovely, outgoing, self-confident young woman who enjoys life to the full. By her own admission, this includes open and joyous sexual activity with a goodly number of the boys and men who strike her fancy. She is 'experimenting with life' as she terms it, and she absolutely refuses to be secretive or embarrassed about the fact. Armed with a diaphragm and a 'modern attitude', she claims she cannot understand her father's 'hypocrisy and overprotectiveness' about her sex life, since it is, after all, *her* life and *her* body.

'Who am I *hurting*, Mother?' she asked me, plaintively, at the height of the period of tension with her disapproving father. 'Nobody expects to marry a virgin anymore. Men today want a woman to be good in bed. How do you get to be good, to know what pleases you and what pleases the man, if you don't experience a variety of men?

'Besides,' she continued, 'being intimate with a man is a lot more than sex. It's getting to know him without his defences, his mask, in a way you never can if you are not sleeping together. Sex is a wonderful part of life. It was given to us to enjoy, to make full use of, at all stages of our lives, when we are young and free of major responsibilities as well as within the bonds of matrimony.

'And anyway, if it's so wrong in Daddy's eyes to "sleep around" before marriage, how come he didn't take that attitude with Tommy? He was always subtly encouraging him to get laid, and you know it! Is it wrong because I'm a girl and because I'm his daughter and not someone else's? He should take a good look at that contradiction before he calls me a tramp.'

'She is a tramp, Rosie,' Paul repeated to me that night, as we lay in bed, stiffly avoiding contact, miles apart emotionally over the girl we both loved. 'It tears my gut out to say it, believe me, but what else do you call an 18-year-old who is going out

with at least four different boys and sleeping with all of them! What must they call a girl who is so easy that, to her, having intercourse is like sharing a pizza? Can they respect her?'

He was worked up, and did not wait for me to respond. 'Do not give me any of that feminist crap about the "New Age" we are living in. From where I stand it is the same world as before. Maybe people are reading about sex more or talking about sex more, but the girls that guys want to marry are still not the easy lays; they're the "good girls" who learn about sex with their husbands!'

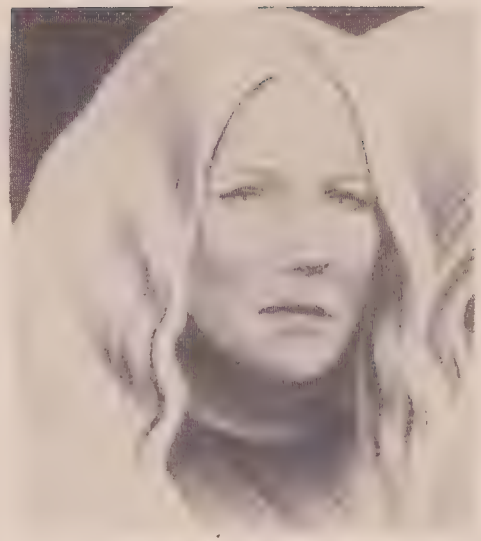
His anger spent temporarily, he relaxed for a moment, taking in the outline of my body under the nightgown I was wearing. 'Look at you; you are a perfect example. You didn't need a hundred men in your bed before you learned how to enjoy sex. We learned how to please each other. And it's been great, right from the start, so good that I've never even wanted to go out looking for another woman, and I know you have felt the same way.

'So what is wrong with our daughter? Why can't she be more like you . . . or like her sister!' He smiled for a moment, obviously thinking with pleasure of our firstborn, Elizabeth, now 25 and safely married with two small children. 'Lizzie never ran around the way Angela does!'

After we had turned out the lights I lay in the dark, thinking about what Paul had said about me and Lizzie — the me he didn't know as well as he thought he did and the prim, careful Elizabeth, who now felt trapped in a marriage with a sexually inadequate husband, certain that life was passing her by.

'I don't know what to do, Momma,' she had said to me recently, sobbing into her neat white handkerchief. 'When Richard makes love to me it is over before I know it has even started, and sex is not a topic we can discuss. I feel so inadequate myself. I wish to God I were more like Angela.'

I thought, too, about our son P.J. — Paul Junior — tall and handsome like his father,



now in his last year at dental school, happily married, settled down. He had gone through plenty of girls until he found the one he thought was right for him. As Angela charged, her father had encouraged his son to 'play the field' and 'find out about women,' vicariously enjoying P.J.'s conquests, the succession of pretty and willing females he paraded through our house. Paul had always been polite and hospitable to them, but not to Angela's dates.

It is a Victorian hangover, I thought. We have to get away from that kind of hypocrisy. But how could I possibly reach Paul? I knew he meant well, that he had Angela's best interests at heart. But he had her on a pedestal, a Daddy's Girl pedestal, and he wanted other men to worship her in the same way. Her blatant sexuality frightened him.

The new age of sexual liberation had touched Angela in a way it hadn't touched the rest of us. But then Angela had always been the most open of all of us, to new ideas, new feelings. Even as a child, her intensity, her zest for living, her ability to throw herself into things and to articulate her thoughts had been a source of pride and awe for all of us.

Holding myself still in the dark bedroom,

He had put his daughter on a pedestal and wanted other men to worship her. Her blatant sexuality frightened him.

not wanting to wake my husband, I thought about the vibrant, adventurous child Angela had been. I remembered the intense pride I had felt one day, years before, when she, then a child of five, had come in from playing in the yard, her hair dishevelled, and knees scraped from yet another tomboy exploit. As I tried, for what seemed like the tenth time that day, to comb the snarls out of her long, silky hair, she pushed my hand with the comb aside and hugged me fiercely. 'I love you the most of anybody in the whole world, Mommy,' she said. 'When I grow up, I want to be just like you!'

Just like me! Ironically, Angela had patterned herself on me much more than she or Paul knew. As her mother — and, as the years passed, as her friend and confidante — I had recognised and secretly rejoiced in her burning desire to enjoy life. Sex for her was natural and without shame, a vital expression of her personality.

I had been raised in a vastly different era, though. Then, I had not dreamed of presenting my viewpoints to my parents, who had had a difficult time just getting through an explanation of the basic biological facts of life. Sex as a natural, pleasurable way of relating outside of marriage? Never!

I had been ahead of my time, perhaps. 'You're really doing it?' my girlfriends had asked, jealous, fascinated, waiting for me to be struck down by God's wrath. I had started in high school, hiding 'rubbers' in the lining of my purse in case my dates were unprepared. I was determined not to get 'caught' and disgrace my family. But I was equally determined to experience those good feelings 'down there.'

The first time a boy stuck his penis in me, it was over too quickly, and I was disappointed at the lack of sensation. I knew there had to be more. 'It was great for me, Rosie, how was it for you?' he had asked. 'Let's do it again, and I'll tell you,' I'd replied. 'And this time, let's do it more slowly, okay?' Having just come, my partner had more staying power and that second time had been indescribably exciting.

After that, there was just no stopping me. When I wasn't having intercourse, I was playing with myself, imagining that a boy was on top of me, thrusting long and hard. Masturbation helped teach me to respond, too, and soon I experienced my first vaginal orgasm. I thought I had discovered the hidden meaning of life!

I met Paul while I was still living at home and working at a secretarial job in town. I'd just begun to think about the kind of man I might like to marry. Paul fitted every criterion, save one — I still didn't know if he was any good in bed. I was determined to resolve that doubt, but he had other ideas. Experimental sex was fine for guys, but nice girls 'held out' until after marriage.

Looking back, maybe I should have pressed the point, tried to convert him to my way of thinking. But I had been afraid of his reaction. Finally, I had just decided that I wanted him, and if his penis was at least normal length (I was by then an expert on penis sizes and shapes), we would, armed with his experience and mine, be able to adjust nicely to each other after marriage. But how to get him to willingly expose his penis, so that I could judge for myself, without actually reaching over and unzipping his pants. I couldn't risk his viewing me as a 'bad girl.'

It had not been all that difficult. Some heavy petting in the back seat of his car, a few discreet moans to drive him wild, and there it was, in my hand — erect and perfect. I began to stroke him, ecstatically, and unthinking, from long practice, but he pulled back like a man awakening from a dream, hastily zipped up and began apologising profusely for 'getting carried away.'

Our wedding night might have been a fiasco, if not for my past sexual experience. Paul was so anxious that he couldn't become erect. I understood and, still giving nothing away about myself, held him calmly, and subtly touched and rubbed and soul-kissed him until his healthy lust prevailed. Over the following months and years, Paul and I experimented with every aspect of sex, with him taking credit for releasing the dormant sexuality of his bride. I had fostered that belief.

I had often felt a twinge of regret about not having been fully honest with my husband in that one area of our marriage, but I never once felt guilty about the many boys and men I had slept with before Paul. In fact, my previous sexual experimentation had rendered me not only extremely responsive, but less likely than other wives to stray from my own bedroom, because I knew how to please my man, and was able to guide him in pleasing me.

And as a wonderful bonus, getting into these men's beds had also let me into their hearts. I was a richer person for it, and a better wife. I can view men as people and as friends, not as incomprehensible lords and masters, as some of my women peers do.

But now it was 1980, the promising dawn of a brave new era of sexual openness and equality between men and women, and here I was facing the same dilemma I had faced 27 years earlier, only this time, what was at stake was not Paul's judgement of me, but of our daughter. I had to open my husband's eyes, no matter what cost to our marriage. I sat up in bed and snapped on the lamp.

'Paul, look at me. Really look at me for a minute,' I said, nudging him awake. He looked at me. 'Do I look like a tramp, Paul? Do you think your wife is a tramp?'

'Have you gone nuts?' he asked, groggily.

'No, Paul. I think I have finally gone sane,' I said. 'I just can't stand the tension between you and Angela any more, and I've decided to tell you the truth. If you can call your daughter a tramp, a nymphomaniac and all the other names you have been throwing around lately, then you had better be prepared to call me those names too.'

'What are you talking about, Rosie?' Paul asked, drawing back a little on the bed. I knew this would be difficult for both of us, but I had to finish what I had started. 'Paul, have I been a good wife to you?' I asked him.

'Of course you have,' he responded.

'Do you think I've slept with other men during our marriage?'

'Rosie, I told you earlier, I'm sure you haven't.'

'Well, you're right, Paul, I haven't,' I blurted and the words began tumbling out in a rush. 'You're the only man I want, and I love you dearly. But I would not be the wife I am if I hadn't done everything Angela is doing now, before we were married.

'I did it because I wanted to, and because I knew I could handle it emotionally, just as I know Angela can handle what she is doing with commonsense and good judgement. She doesn't pick up men off the street, Paul, and neither did I. They were friends, just as Angela's lovers are friends, people she respects, admires and wants to get closer to.

'She is a fine girl, Paul. She is my daughter, and I am proud of her. I'm proud of her mind and her willingness to stand up and fight for what she believes, and not back down and lie to us because we don't like what she has to say.'

His mouth was hanging open, a shocked, hurt look in his eyes, as if this were all a nightmare. I went on, before my courage gave out. 'I know I've deceived you, making you think I was innocent about sex when

You wanted to believe I was innocent about sex when we married. I wasn't going to disillusion you like this.

we married. You wanted it that way, and I wanted you, so I took the easy way out. It is the only untruth between us. I wasn't ever going to disillusion you like this, Paul. But I had to make you realise that sexual activity has nothing to do with whether a woman is a good or bad person. What is important is her morality and integrity. Please, darling,' I concluded, 'try to understand that.'

He was trying. Despite his shock, I could sense a dawning awareness in him of the risks I had taken in exposing my past to him. We sat up and talked all night. At first, he insisted on knowing every detail about my sex life before him — who the first man was in my life ... every name and circumstance. I told him some of it, then suggested that the rest might better remain buried in the past, where it belonged. We talked openly and candidly about sex for the first time in years, perhaps for the first time ever. By morning we were in each other's arms, planning a second honeymoon.

On the stairs going down to breakfast, I turned to him. 'Paul, I'm very happy and relieved that you were able to accept what I told you last night, and that things are still good between us. But I told you all that because of Angela. I want you to continue to love and guide her at a time when she needs your support as much as ever, when she is finding herself as a woman and as a human being. Paul, what about Angela?'

He studied my face, his eyes meeting mine. 'It's still not going to be easy for me to accept, Rosie. Angela is still my little girl, even though she is a young woman now. I don't want her to get hurt. I can't change ideas I have had for my whole lifetime overnight. But with your help and Angela's, I am willing to take a good look at those ideas, and see if they still apply — and particularly if they apply to my daughter.'

He smiled. 'I have a great deal of confidence in you, babe. You have always been 100 per cent behind me, and I know what you are trying to do is for my good as well as Angela's. So let's leave it this way for now: if Angela turns out to be half the woman her mother is, a lot of guys, and maybe some day a special guy, are going to be mighty lucky. Now can we get something to eat? I'm starving!'

I had to laugh at that. It's simply a law of Nature that healthy appetites will always prevail in the long run, whether it's the appetite for food or the appetite for pleasure. My mother raised me to believe that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. But I taught myself that there are many routes to that destination. My daughter is an indifferent cook, but I believe I have given her something much more important: permission to experience sex without guilt, to make her own decisions and her own mistakes. And to be her own person.

Paul has handled all this so well, despite his upbringing, and now relates so well to Angela that I sometimes wonder if my own mother might not have been able to accept some consciousness-raising after all. You never know about human beings ... they are full of such wonderful surprises!

# Love Recipes from the East

An exciting book on Chinese lovemaking techniques — *The Tao of Love and Sex* explains the Taoist concept of controlling male ejaculation to promote health and increase satisfaction. Von Whiteman reports.

Jolan Chang makes love several times a day. On Sundays he usually sandwiches the greater part of the day, when he goes out cycling, between heavier bouts of sex. All this at nearly 60, an age when many men feel they have had their chips, sexually speaking. More intriguing is the fact that he only ejaculates once a week. Now, ejaculating isn't the sort of thing you note down among the Things To Do in your diary, along with paying the milkman and respraying the roses. We in the West regard ejaculation as a spontaneous end-result of the physiological process which starts with desire and runs through a cycle of arousal, erection, foreplay, penetration, thrusting and ejaculation. Not so Mr Chang. For he scrupulously follows the Tao of Loving, which includes what the Taoist physician Sun S'su-Mo prescribed 1300 years ago, 'Love one hundred times without emission'. At the instigation of writer Lawrence Durrell he was prompted to sit down and explain how Tao philosophy can relate closely to contemporary Western thought. The outcome was a book beautifully illustrated from ancient pillow book paintings and entitled *The Tao of Love and Sex* (Wildwood House).

As with all oriental philosophies, *The Tao* cannot be expounded in a cut and dried form. It represents an entire approach to life whose rhythms have to be absorbed by the dedicated disciple until they are as much a part of his or her being as breathing. Briefly, Taoists believe that energy and momentum are the sources of life: that unless we are in harmony with these forces, we cannot hope to last long. We are therefore advised to cultivate better taste, healthy living, and to enjoy earthly or heavenly joys more fully, since there can be no distinguishing line between sacred and profane love. Taoists recognise a fundamental harmony between all things on earth, things masculine (known as *yin*) and things feminine (known as *yang*). Nearly all destruction or self-destruction, hatred and sorrow, greed and possessiveness are thought to spring from man's starvation of fulfilling love and sex. A thousand years ago, love and sex were considered to be branches of ancient Chinese medicine. Now, few thinking people, whether Eastern or Western, would, I think, disagree with the doctrines outlined here, though they might find the terminology itself mystically quaint.

The principles of *The Tao* are anything but

quaint; on the contrary, they are extraordinarily relevant to psychosexual thinking in the 1970s and the 1980s. These principles are: realising the importance of female satisfaction; recognising that male orgasm and ejaculation are not necessarily one and the same thing; and to this end, regulating male ejaculation. No self-aware woman, whether a dedicated member of the Women's Movement or not, would deny Principle Number One. But when it comes to Principles Two and Three, there will be many men curious to know why they might even consider controlling what they think of as the natural act of emission. *The Tao of Love and Sex* contains a number of very pertinent reasons why. But, being an ancient philosophy, *The Tao* is also full of — to us — strange lore, and only by careful sifting through can we retrieve the lasting truths scattered among the equally established oriental wives' tales.

To begin with, according to *The Tao,* 'calling ejaculation "the climax of pleasure" is really just a habit. And a harmful habit at that.' In China it was once thought that repititious emissions led to lassitude, buzzing in the ears(!) and long hours of weariness, for man was believed to be born with only a limited amount of semen — his vital essence — within his loins, a substance not easily replenished. Thus, by losing it time after time, his strength would become ever more depleted. (Similarly, Western men of Queen Victoria's time believed that by 'spending' his seed a man lost what could never be replaced.) This sexual piggy-bank syndrome we now recognise to be nothing more than a puritan hangover from early Protestant dogma. But myths aside, the fact remains: ejaculation and orgasms are not one and the same thing. Many a man will admit that out of a number of emissions which merely offer him physical relief, maybe only one or two, if that, will amount to an experience which transcends bodily feeling and involves his whole being in a mind-blowing sensation. And a sexually experienced man will know for himself that by holding back on his recurring desire to come, ultimately he can heighten the thrill

of that intense moment when he allows himself to climax. Back in 1918 the then revolutionary birth control of Marie Stopes was rephrasing Tao thinking on 20th-century terms when she wrote in her famous book *Married Love:* 'The fullest delight, even in a purely physical sense, can be attained *only* by those who curb and direct their natural impulses'.

So, if a man chooses not to ejaculate each time he makes love, what is he likely to gain from this form of self-regulation? *The Tao* suggests a number of benefits. First, linked to the fallacy of 'squandering' semen (and for that matter, unnecessarily frittering away sweat during sex) is the notion that by conserving his semen-strength, a man will live longer. The truth of the matter would seem to be that for certain men more than for others, ejaculation can result in extreme fatigue, which, nevertheless, is not known to lead to early disintegration and death! (A friend of mine told me he goes weak at the knees for several hours after coming, and has learned to cope with it, through trial and error, by holding back his orgasm for as long as possible — sometimes hours — in order to keep his girlfriend happy.)

Longer coitus using ejaculation control, writes the author, ensures that a man and his partner will benefit from the intermingling of their vital essences *yin* and *yang*. Westerners may prefer to interpret this as meaning that lots of sex stimulates your hormone balance which in turn influences your general state of health. (Could this, incidentally, be why teenage acne clears so miraculously when the adolescent concerned enjoys a healthy sex life?)

For women who do not use articial contraception, *The Tao* goes on, the practice of ejaculation control lessens the risk of pregnancy. Not necessarily so, say modern doctors, who know only too well that the penis can emit drops containing spermatozoa early during intercourse. So you might say that *The Tao* advocates Chinese roulette with a vengeance!

More relevant than any of the above-mentioned 'benefits', however, is the author's assurance that by self-regulation a man can more easily satisfy his female partner. It is a well-substantiated fact that the two main reasons why women fail to reach orgasm are lack of stimulation — particularly clitoral stimulation — and for those women whose orgasms are precipitated as much by penile thrusting as by clitoral stimulation, lack of sufficient thrusting inside their vagina. (According to the Kinsey report, 2½ minutes is the average duration of thrusting between penetration nd ejaculation. This mind-boggling statistic reveals how few men ever attempt to enhance their sexual performance and why so many women complain that the greater proportion of mankind suffers from premature ejaculation.) The ancient Tao philosophy emphasises super-penetration rather than what psychosexual experts in the West now recognise to be the more effective, clitoral, approach. Nevertheless, no-one would dispute that sustained penetration combined with effective stimulation augments a women's pleasure and who knows? Many a woman who up to now has only experienced sex with a prematurely ejaculating partner or partners may well be propelled over the climactic brink, once she has had a chance to experience the half-an-hour or even hour's protracted intercourse that many women need to reach orgasm.

Equally important, once a man can exercise self-control, he and his partner will have 'an almost unlimited capacity for touching and loving'. Tao or no Tao, it is a sad fact that far too little touching and caressing goes on during most love-making. So any teaching which paves the way for the inexpressible amounts of body contact all human beings crave, but so often are afraid to admit to, is to be welcomed.

Finally, the Tao technique of avoiding ejaculation will ensure that a man is able to make love more often each day with a hungry eagerness.

With all these advantages in its favour,

can anything be said against tne regular practice of ejaculation control? Many a woman would contest that sometimes, when her partner ejaculates inside her, the hard swelling and subsequent surging sensation of his penis felt way up in her vagina precipitates her own orgasm. If he is aware of this fact the author seems to have taken no account of the phenomenon. It may happen, too, that during the half minute or so it takes for a man to withdraw his penis, allow his excitement ot subside, then re-enter her vagina once more (this being one method of regulating his ejaculation), the woman's rising excitement may diminish sharply to a point where it could be difficult for her to become turned on again.

Aside from these two possible disadvantages, there is little to be advanced against ejaculation control, unless some women choose to be their own worst enemy and voice their usual ignorant prejudice that it takes all the spontaneity out of sex. Taoists thought very differently about such things; the author quotes a memorable epithalamium in which the bride describes how she and her groom will take to their marriage-bed, pillow book in hand, to try out unusual sexual positions in the hope that 'No joy shall equal the delights of this first night'. Clearly, the ancient Chinese left nothing to chance! Nowadays sex manuals fulfil the same purpose, and yet because many people feel so guilty, and therefore self-conscious, about spending as much time on sex as on other cultivated pleasures, they nervously contemplate the whole thing as a form of keeping-up-with-the-Joneses competition. As a result, the sex manual has, sad to say, been relegated to the ranks of mother-in-law jokes. Ideally, erotic expertise should be harnessed to give optimum pleasure to both partners, and with this in mind the Taoists were wise enough to hedge their bets.

Eager males will by now, I hope, be clamouring to learn how they can control and enhance their pleasures. The author suggests three different methods. The first, known as the *locking method,* consists of withdrawing the penis just before the point-of-no-return for a period of 10-30 seconds, after which the man can re-enter the woman's vagina and resume thrusting, carrying out the procedure again whenever he wishes. In the second *ancient Chinese squeeze technique* the man himself, using the fore and middle fingers of his left hand, presses at the point between his scrotum and his anus for three to four seconds, while at the same time taking a deep breath. (This technique, we are told, has two advantages: he does not have to withdraw his penis, and he does not need to interrupt the proceedings by telling his partner what he is doing. Third, he can *change positions* often enough to ensure that he does not get swept over the climactic brink before he is ready. In addition, the author devotes several paragraphs to describing the *Masters & Johnson squeeze technique* (where the woman on top lifts herself off the man's penis just before the crucial moment and applies pressure on his coronal ridge for a few seconds) but points out that being a far more elaborate method, it requires the kind of communication and co-ordination that inexperienced couples may not easily achieve.

In the early days of his novitiate, the Tao devotee may find he suffers slight discomfort or pressure on his testicles. Once mastered, however, this form of self-control becomes the most natural thing in the world. And once proficient in the art, the author goes on, a man will find that he will be able to make love whenever it suits him and his partner, and to continue lovemaking for as long as it takes his partner to reach complete satisfaction. It is up to each man to discover for himself, by trial and error, the right interval between ejaculations to suit his age and physical condition. The author advises that once over the age of 50, a man should not ejaculate more than once or twice a week, although he should make love several times a day! Male readers will no doubt take this recommendation with a pinch of salt. After all, most men would agree that a man's main purpose in holding

back his orgasm is to allow his partner time to enjoy her own surfeit of pleasure; once she has achieved this, why should he deprive himself further of his own orgasmic satisfaction? Here, perhaps Western men can improve the *The Tao* pleasure principle.

While the subject of ejaculation control is most likely to intrigue Western readers, *The Tao of Love and Sex* has much more to teach. The author describes how, once love-making becomes esily prolonged, a man can learn to vary the kinds and depths of his penile thrusts: deep and shallow, slow and swift, direct and slanting, inserting and withdrawing, moving upwards and downwards, from left to right, with inter-spaced intervals or in quick succession. (This particular chapter turned me on at a first reading.) The classic thrust, he soberly adds is the nine-shallow-followed-by-one-deep — a sure-fire method tried, tested and well-favoured over a couple of thousand years. Just like St Bruno Old Shag, it tantalises, then satisfies.

There is a well-informed chapter on how sexual positions can be varied to meet different needs followed by an entire section on erotic kissing — of special interest to Taoists, since it involves the exchange of *yin* and *yang* essences. Just to give you the flavour of Loving Master Wu Hsien's ancient wisdom, the kissing description I liked best was the 'Red Lotus Peak' (lips). 'Its libation "Jade Spring' comes out from two holes under the woman's tongue. When a man licks it with his tongue it will rush out from its pool. It is transparent in appearance and greatly beneficial to man.' All psychiologically correct, needless to say.

You can learn, too, how to cope with those sinking moments of impotence which plague every man from time to time. Using the *soft entry method,* a man places his fingers in a ring around the base to manoeuvre his flaccid penis into his partner's vagina and begin thrusting, which, combined with deep breathing (and a little bit of luck) might bring about the Pavlovian response which his own excitement has failed to do. Incidentally, the importance of correct breathing is stressed throughout, likewise the necessity of choosing the right partner and the desirability of developing your senses by exercising and indulging them until smell, touch, sight, taste, hearing and sixth sense of loving perception become as toned up as bodybuilders' muscles, to bring a return of maximum enjoyment. And, as if in answer to the growing trend towards younger man/older woman and younger woman/older man relationships, the author explains how, in terms of physical excitement and experience, what he picturesquely calls 'May-September relationships' not only work but are often more desirable than the much-vaunted union of chronological equals which still tends to be the norm in the West.

Looking at *The Tao Book of Love and Sex* as a whole, I feel that the author, like the protagonist of any other hitherto little-known doctrine, bends over too far backwards in his attempt to proselytise. Discerning readers must therefore conclude for themselves how far the Taoist philosophy is likely to solve their sexual and spiritual dilemmas, and how much can be achieved by honest, open communication — on which, after all, neither East nor West holds exclusive rights. Taoist thinking has obviously proved the salvation of Jolan Chang. In his opinion, the ancient Chinese way to ecstasy has solved the seemingly insoluble age-old conundrum — what novelist Erica Jong called 'the eternal woman and the eternal limp prick' — by uniting male fire and female water through 'the middle path' of Taoism.

*The Tao of Love and Sex* is available through the Forum Marketplace. See p. 47 for details.

In the second part of our series from Bernie Zilbergeld's wonderful book *Men and Sex* (see p.47 for details), we look at myths about male sexuality:

# "IT'S TWO FEET LONG, HARD AS STEEL AND CAN GO ALL NIGHT"

It is not much of an exaggeration to say that penises in fantasyland come in only three sizes — large, gigantic, and so big you can barely get them through the doorway. This joke has been around at least since we were in high school: A woman tells the man she has been dating that she would never marry anyone unless he had 12 inches. To which he replies that he refuses to cut off four inches, even for her.

Penis size is frequently mentioned in jokes and literature, and of course bigger is always better. Average or small penises are noted only as objects of derision. A woman in Joyce Elbert's *Crazy Ladies* complains that the men she meets have such small penises that they might as well use their fingers, but then becomes ecstatic when she finds a man with 'an erection a mile long'.

Women, we are given to believe, crave nothing so much as a penis that might be mistaken for a telephone pole. They receive such monstrosities with thanksgiving and complete satisfaction. Who can forget that tender love scene in *The Godfather* where Sonny, the best-hung stud in town, gets together with Lucy, who has hitherto been unable to find a penis large enough to fill her up?

> *Her hand closed around an enormous, blood-gorged pole of muscle. It pulsated in her hand like an animal and almost weeping with grateful ecstasy she pointed it into her own wet, turgid flesh. The thrust of its entering, the unbelievable pleasure made her gasp . . . and then like a quiver, her body received the savage arrows of his lightning-like thrusts . . . arching her pelvis higher and higher until for the first time in her life she reached a shattering climax. . .*

The fact that the penis is not a muscle and contains no muscular tissue at all is conveniently ignored, a clear example of how far from reality is the model.

Not only are fantasyland penises much larger than life, they also behave peculiarly. They are forever 'pulsating', 'throbbing', and leaping about. The mere sight or touch of a woman is sufficient to set the penis jumping, and whenever a man's fly is unzipped, his penis leaps out. From Harold Robbins' *The Inheritors:* '. . . she pulled open the buttons on his trousers. He sprang swollen into her hand . . .' Nowhere does a penis merely mosey out for a look at what's happening.

The penis should also be unbelievably hard. It is often described as being hard as

rock or steel, anything less apparently being inadequate. The fantasy penis is always totally full and firm, always ready to go.

Or to stay. The last characteristic of the idealised penis is its infinite capacity to satisfy, either by lasting for hours on end or by immediately regaining its hardness after ejaculation. Henry Miller gives this example of total control over the ejaculatory process.

> *I was in such a cold-blooded state of control that as she went through her spasms I poked it around inside her like a demon, up, sideways, down, in, out again, plunging, rearing, jabbing, snorting, and absolutely certain that I wouldn't come until I was damned good and ready.*

From *The Pearl* comes this example of a penis that never needed to rest: 'I could not exhaust him; he was continually shooting his love juice into my . . . womb . . .'

Wonderful instruments, these penises. Though they be like rock, they just keep rolling along. Real men with real penises compare themselves to the model and find themselves woefully lacking. Most men believe that their penises are not what they ought to be. They are not long enough or wide enough or hard enough, they do not spring forth with the requisite surging and throbbing, and they do not last long enough or recover fast enough. A recent magazine survey of over a thousand men found that 'all male respondents, with the exception of the most extraordinarily endowed, expressed doubts about their own sexuality based on their penile size.'

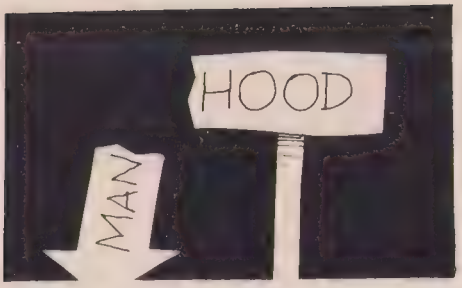
Given what we learned, this isn't surprising. The problem is that we think we should measure up to what are basically impossible standards. The penises in the model are products of fantasy and the real always loses when compared to the creations of human imagination.

But, you may be thinking, that isn't the whole story. What about the huge organs you've seen with your own eyes in pornographic movies and magazines? And in the movies some of those guys seem to last forever or regain their erections immediately after orgasm.

Aren't these things for real? Sure, in a way. There is no question but that some men are more generously endowed than the rest of us and that they are sought after by those whose business it is to titillate the public. There are also all kinds of things that can be and are done to make the huge look even larger than it actually is. There is very little that cannot be accomplished through the magic of photography. And splicing works wonders in films. What looks like a continuous sequence in a movie is often the result of taping together segments filmed at different times. You would be surprised how much film is wasted because the actors don't get erections, or come before they are supposed to. But the film you see looks perfect. What you see isn't necessarily what is when it comes to sex.

We don't want to gloss over the fact that there are some large penises around. It is also true that some men can last a long time or have relatively brief refractory periods. But such phenomena are statistically rare. There is no more reason to try to match them than there is to try to grow to be seven feet tall just because there are a few men of that height, or to try to run a four-minute mile because a few men have accomplished that feat.

Accepting your own merely human penis can be difficult. You know it is somewhat unpredictable and, even when functioning at its best, looks and feels more like a human penis than a battering ram or a mountain of stone. Not much when compared to the fantasies we are brought up on. But you do have one small advantage — you are alive and can enjoy yourself whereas the supermen of the model with their gigantic erections are unreal and feel nothing. It might be helpful if you would look at your penis and ask whether you can live with it. After all, unless you are contemplating a transplant from a horse, it's the only penis you'll ever have and, whatever its characteristics, it can give you much pleasure.




*As Bernie Zilbergeld shows, apart from the fantasy penis, men have quite a few other strange ideas about sex. Here he discusses eight of the most common male myths:*

**Myth 1**
**Men Should Not Have, or at Least Not Express, Certain Feelings**

> *While looking at the boats from a wharf, a four-year-old boy fell into the very cold water. After being fished out of the water by his father and others in the party, he was trembling, looking very scared and like he might cry. His father patted him on the back and loudly announced that 'Billy doesn't cry; he's a big boy.'*

In ways like this, and from the media, we learn early that only a narrow range of emotion is permitted to us: aggressiveness, competitiveness, anger, joviality, and the feelings associated with being in control. As we grow older, sexual feelings are added to the list. Weakness, confusion, fear, vulnerability, tenderness, compassion, and sensuality are allowed only to girls and women. A boy who exhibits such traits is likely to be made fun of and called a sissy or girl (and what could be more devastating?).

We learn this lesson well and there is no lack of later reminders lest we be tempted to deviate from the true path. To give but one example, newspapers and commentators throughout the world questioned Edmund Muskie's emotional stability because he had shed some tears during a speech when he was campaigning for the United States presidency. Other males who have publicly expressed fear, deep sadness, or any other feelings on the prohibited list have sometimes lost the respect of their peers and themselves.

We miss so much by hanging on to this myth. We miss opportunities to let our partners really know us, and as long as we feel that parts of ourselves must never be revealed, we must constantly be on guard lest some of our secret feelings or qualities sneak out. Being on guard all of one's life hardly seems to be the best way to live. We miss the chance to be open about our needs and have them met. So we go without the support, the understanding, the physical affection, and, in a word, the love we all want. And we overburden sex, forcing it to meet needs that really aren't sexual. Since, as we discuss later, our sexual systems are fragile, they may function poorly when too much responsibility is placed on them.

**Myth 2**
**In Sex, As Elsewhere, It Is Performance That Counts**

As boys and men we are socialised in what Jay Mann calls the three A's of manhood: Achieve, Achieve, Achieve. We learn that it is by our performances and productions that we will be judged. We are taught to accept or create tasks, to focus on the goals and work doggedly until they are reached. Nothing comes easily or by itself; only by trying and working hard can anything be accomplished. Feelings and any other factors that might get in the way are denied or ignored.

It is understandable that we should bring this performance orientation to sex. How else could we, given our training, handle such an anxiety-laden experience? And we get plenty of support from the sexual model because, being a predominantly male enterprise, it is about nothing so much as performance.

The goals — usually intercourse and orgasm — are the only important factors in make-believe sex. One does a minimum amount of what is needed to achieve these goals. You might have to wine and dine the woman, say sweet nothings you don't

mean, and perhaps engage in some foreplay — but you keep it to a minimum and never lose sight of the reason you are going through all this uninteresting activity. There is actually little foreplay in most erotic materials, and just playing around with each other's bodies without any particular goals in mind is almost unheard-of.

The point is clearly made in this joke popular during World War II. A soldier on leave finds his wife exposing her breasts provocatively. 'I haven't got time to chew the fat,' he says, 'just time to come and go.'

Throughout his work, Henry Miller offers countless examples of goal-oriented sexuality. He goes immediately for the crotch. The fewer words and other preliminaries, the better. In the following example, he is visiting a woman he hardly knows to console her on the death of her husband. She had asked him to sit beside her on the couch.

*Sitting there on the low sofa, the place flooded with soft lights, her big heaving loins rubbing against me, the Malaga pounding in my temples and all this crazy talk about Paul and how good he was, I finally bent over and without saying a word raised her dress and slipped it into her. And as I got into her and began to work it around she took to moaning like, a sort of delirious, sorrowful guilt punctuated with gasps and little shrieks of joy and anguish. . . .*

The preoccupation with reaching goals that is induced by our performance orientation means that we tend to ignore or not fully participate in the process of sex (it is 'only foreplay') and therefore miss out on experiences that might well be stimulating and pleasurable.

### Myth 3
### The Man Must Take Charge of and Orchestrate Sex

*I remember the first time a woman told me to relax and do nothing, that she wanted to make love to me. Even as I was agreeing to her proposal, I was busy doing things to her. I wanted to comply with her request but had tremendous difficulty being passive and letting her lead. Only then did it occur to me how busy I was in sex. I not only conducted the band but played all the instruments as well.*

We learned that sex was our responsibility and that we had to do it all.

We should initiate (and even if she initiates, we still have to do the rest), we have to turn her on, we have to turn ourselves on, we have to lead all the way (deciding which procedures and positions should be adopted), we have to give her at least one orgasm, and we have to produce our own orgasm. No need for any help from our partner, thank you.

This myth leads to problems in relationships since the partner is denied the opportunity to be the initiating, active one. More and more women want to initiate and take charge, at least some of the time, and battles can develop when their partners refuse to let them do so.

Another problem deriving from this myth is that when we are so busy doing for our partners we often do not get anything for ourselves and do not get aroused or erect.

*Jim, a man in his 40s who was in a sex therapy group because of erection problems, went on at great length about all the things he had done for his partner — he touched her there, kissed her here, rubbed her somewhere else — and was perplexed by his lack of erection. When asked what she had done for him, he was stunned. It simply had not occurred to him that she wasn't the only one who needed to be touched and rubbed.*

We have also taken total responsibility for satisfying our partners. She *should* have an orgasm, at least one, and we feel guilty if she doesn't. And, since we were taught that being a man means knowing it all, we are reluctant to ask here what we should do to help her reach orgasm.

What we need to learn is that there is no way to know in advance what will please a partner. All woman are different and even the same woman will have different desires at different times. No matter how experienc-

ed we are and no matter how many books we have read, we are going to have to learn from her, just as she will need to learn from us what we like.

### Myth 4
### A Man Always Wants and Is Always Ready to Have Sex

Erotic materials portray men as always wanting and always ready to have sex, the only problem being how to get enough of it. We have accepted this rule for ourselves and most of us believe that we should always be capable of responding sexually, regardless of the time and place, our feeling about ourselves and our partners, or any other factors. We have thus accepted the status of machines, performing whenever the right button is pushed.

Most of us have acknowledged a woman's right to say no to sex (even if it made us angry and we tried to change her mind, it was still her right) and to set conditions as to when and how she would have sex with us. But we have been unable to take these rights for ourselves, to recognise that sometimes we are simply not interested in sex, and that sex is better for us under certain conditions than under others. We work very hard to live up to this myth of perpetual readiness and severely berate ourselves and wonder why we are inadequate when we do not function according to plan.

It is not a question of adequacy. We simply are not sex machines and we cannot function as the fantasy model demands we do. Our sexual systems are highly complex, influenced by many factors and vulnerable to many kinds of interference. Just as each of us has a particular constellation of circumstances that allows us to do our best creative or productive work, and sets of conditions under which we carry out such necessary operations as digestion, elimination, and relaxation, we each also have a set of conditions that increase the probability of a full and satisfying sexual response.

### Myth 5
### All Physical Contact Must Lead to Sex

Physical contact in the fantasy model serves only as a request or demand for, or a prelude to, sex. Cuddling, hugging, kissing, holding, caressing, and other types of physical affection that do not lead to sex are completely absent in pornography and rarely encountered in any erotic material. Touching is always portrayed as the first step towards sex. It is not seen as something valuable or pleasurable in its own right; it is useful only to the extent that it paves the way to a presumably grander event.

These beliefs about touching affect men much more strongly than women. There is a greater tolerance for females of all ages to touch and want to be touched. A girl or woman can ask for a hug, or to be held, without much hindrance (although some men are likely to get angry if she doesn't want to go further). But can you imagine a man asking 'only' to be held and seriously meaning it? A lot of people would think that very strange. We are taught that only two types of physical contact are appropriate for males. One is aggressive and includes not only the rough contact in sports and fighting but also the mock violence men often display with one another (as when friends greet each other with a playful slap or punch). And the other is sexual. Physical contact that is neither sexual nor aggressive is truly a no-man's-land. According to what we were taught, it really isn't OK for a man to want only a hug or a caress.

### Myth 6
### Sex Equals Intercourse

Both men and women learned that the main thing in sex is intercourse, and for most of us the two terms are synonymous. This is hardly surprising since almost all resources that deal with sex — medical books, textbooks, popular books and articles, as well as erotic materials — treat sex and intercourse as if they were the same thing. Kissing, hugging, and manual and oral stimulation of the genitals are all fine, but mainly as preliminaries to the ultimate goal: intercourse. The very term we use to describe these other activities — foreplay — clearly indicates their lowly status

relative to intercourse. They are presumably important only as means to that main event.

The extent to which this myth pervades our culture can be measured by its place in the thinking of serious and intelligent sex therapists and researchers. Even Masters and Johnson show little understanding in their three books that real sex can be anything but intercourse.

In the past, when the goal of sex was conception, intercourse was absolutely necessary. You cannot make babies without it. But times have changed and these days the goal of most sexual encounters is recreation rather than procreation. There is no longer any good reason why a sexual experience has to end in or include intercourse, unless that is what the participants desire.

You may be wondering why we are making such an issue about this myth. Does it really make any difference if you use sex and intercourse synonymously or, in behavioural terms, think that every sexual act should include intercourse? The answer is yes, it makes a great deal of difference.

Belief in this myth can prevent us from discovering what we like.

> *For many years, while I enjoyed all kinds of sexual stimulation, I always insisted on 'finishing' (coming) inside a vagina. I just 'knew' that this was the best way. I was quite surprised when I finally allowed myself to climax with other types of stimulation. I enjoyed a sense of being done to or being taken care of that I rarely got with intercourse, and I found that I have the most explosive orgasms through hand stimulation. Of course, explosive orgasms and being taken care of are not the only things I want from sex, and intercourse is better at providing some of the other things I want. But now that I know what leads to what, I feel I have more options and can better choose one that will fit my wants at the moment.*

Men are not the only ones hurt by this myth. Women who do not reach orgasm through intercourse but who respond best to manual or oral stimulation — and there are many such women — are put under tremendous pressure by the idea that intercourse is the 'normal' way to have sex. It makes it difficult for them to tell their partners what they need. And we often feel that something must be wrong either with the woman or with us because she doesn't respond the 'right' way.

We hope that what we have said will not be taken as an argument against intercourse. Intercourse can be a wonderful way of having sex. But it is only one way of relating sexually, rather than the only way, and at any given time it may not be the best or most appropriate.

### Myth 7
### Sex Requires an Erection

This is a corollary of the preceding myth since intercourse is the one sexual act that is impossible without an erection (this is a bit of an overstatement since it is possible to get a flaccid penis into a vagina, but it's not all that easy to do and it certainly doesn't conform to the usual meaning of intercourse). The fantasy model goes even further, however. It teaches that any kind of sex requires an erection.

The erection is considered by almost all men as the star performer in the drama of sex, and we all know what happens to a show when the star performer doesn't make an appearance. The whole show is cancelled or, to be a bit more accurate, the planned performance gives way to an impromptu tragedy, replete with wailing and self-blaming, usually ending with everyone feeling miserable.

This myth puts tremendous pressure on the man and places him in an extremely vulnerable position. He thinks he absolutely must have an erection, he knows he can't control his penis, and he is also aware that there is no way to fake an erection or hide the lack of one. A most interesting situation, to say the least. We doubt that there is a man anywhere who has not wondered, right in the middle of some enjoyable sex play, if his penis was going to come through

'Even if you won't give up the idea that the penis is the star of the sexual performance, remember that every star has an understudy and understudies often do very well when given a chance.'

for him this time, and quivered at the prospect of it not doing so. You need to learn that all is not lost when you don't have an erection. The penis is not the only sexual part of your body. You can do wonderful things for your lover with other parts of your body and you can enjoy her touching other parts of your body. A penis that is not hard can still feel very good when stimulated, and you might want to give this a try. Regardless of which particular options you choose, the main point is that lack of erection need not mean a miserable time. The experience can still be close, warm, and fun. Neither erection nor intercourse is necessary. Even if you are unwilling to give up the idea that an erect penis is the star of the sexual performance, we want to remind you that every star has an understudy, and understudies have been known to do very well when given a chance.

**Myth 8**

**Good Sex is a Linear Progression of Increasing Excitement Terminated Only by Orgasm**

**(The Myth of the Hard-Driving Fuck)**

This myth is actually composed of several different ideas. The first holds that sex should be a process of continuously increasing excitement and passion. Whether the act lasts for minutes or hours, the arousal must continue to build. This notion is typical in erotic materials.

Because of this myth, the idea that sex can be leisurely, with breaks for resting, talking, laughing, or whatever, is foreign to many men. Some of us feel that there is something inherently wrong with a leisurely approach to sex, thinking that it connotes a lack of passion, spontaneity, or masculine vigour.

Here, as with all the myths, there is pressure to perform in ways that may be totally inappropriate to the circumstances. This idea overlooks a basic fact of human psychology, namely that attention and arousal cannot be maintained at very high levels for long periods and that as a result there is a natural tendency for them to wax and wane. The same is true of erections: they, too, may wax and wane during a sexual experience, especially as we get further away from our adolescence. But we are not always aware of this, so when we notice our arousal level or our erections subsiding, we panic and try to re-establish the excitement or erection. Such frantic efforts usually end in failure, for neither arousal nor erection can be coerced. How much better if we could just stop and cuddle or rest for a while.

Lust without limits is what the sexual model is about. Desire flows in torrents, sweeping everything in its path, and the exuberance frequently verges on or becomes violent. This is the realm of the hard-driving fuck, where better means harder and rougher. From Joyce Elbert's *Crazy Ladies:* 'He was much bigger than Peter and he rammed it into her with such force that she screamed out in delicious agony . . .' A recurring feature of the model is a situation where the woman tells the man that whatever he's doing hurts and then warms up to it and begs him to continue hurting her. From the novelised version of the film *The Devil in Miss Jones* comes this sterling example:

> *Just hold it there for a minute . . . Yes, put it there . . . Oh god, oh Jesus, I can't take it — No, do it, it hurts, but do it. Do it now, do it more . . . Ahh, it hurts, hurt me . . . faster . . . hurt me . . . hurt me . . . hurt me . . . HURT ME!*

This is a wonderful world indeed, where pain and pleasure are the same and where being pounded and split apart are delicious.

With all the grinding and slamming and banging portrayed in the media, and with the absence of good examples of more tender lovemaking, it is not surprising that many men think of sex as a rough-and-tough business, and that they will be most appreciated if they pummel the hell out of their partners. Since women in fantasyland are always grateful to the most aggressive and even violent lovers, and since there is a clear implication that a man who cannot brutalise a woman is something less than a man, there is considerable pressure for a man to restrain his more tender expressions of affection and give free rein to his more aggressive tendencies.

A universal rule of make-believe sex, and the last part of this myth we are discussing, is that it must end in at least one, but preferably more, orgasms for everyone. And these are no ordinary orgasms. They are raging, exploding, and earthshaking. From Norman Mailer's *American Dream:*

> *I could not hold back, there was an explosion, furious, treacherous and hot as the gates of an icy slalom with the speed at my heels overtaking my nose, I had one of those splittings of a second where the senses fly out and there in that instant the itch reached into me and drew me out and I jammed up her ass and came as if I'd been flung across the room.*

We don't understand what he said either, except that it was quite a jolt. Here's a tender thought from Mickey Spillane's *The Last Cop Out:*

> *All she wanted was for him to enjoy, to take, to spend, to rise to the heights of screaming physical pleasure where everything becomes blanked out in those nerve-shattering waves of orgiastic abandonment that left the body spasm-wracked and helpless.*

One wonders how anyone could survive all this nerve-shattering, crashing violence.

There are no ordinary, run-of-the-mill orgasms in most erotic materials. Every orgasm is explosive, body-wrenching and/or mind-blowing, and even better than the one before. Needless to say, such is not the way it is in the real world but many of us take the fantasy as our goal and spare no effort to achieve the ultimate orgasm for ourselves or our partners. Compared to the fantasy, real orgasms can feel rather humdrum.

But there is much more to the orgasm story than that. Even if we do not believe in the fantasy type of orgasm, most of us are wedded to the idea that every sexual event must culminate in some kind of orgasm for our partners and most definitely for ourselves. Well, maybe not quite as far as she is concerned. We know a woman may not have an orgasm every time. But a man must beyond any doubt have a climax in every sex act. Otherwise, as is well known, he will suffer the painful and crippling conditions known as 'blue balls' and 'lover's nuts'. At least that's what we were taught.

Actually, there is no good reason why a man must have an orgasm every time he has sex. Despite the high school horror stories about blue balls and lover's nuts, they are rare conditions. They can be painful but they usually don't last very long.

Sometimes it becomes clear that an orgasm is not going to occur, at least not without great effort. But how many of us have toiled on anyway, frantically grabbing at our partners and every conceivable fantasy in a desperate attempt to come? Why not just stop when we are still feeling good? Orgasms can be wonderful, as can hard-driving fucks, but they are not always necessary or the best way to go. The same can be said of passionate, nonstop sex. It can be nice. But there is also something to be said for a gentler, nonlinear, less lustful approach.

See p.47 for details on how to order *Men and Sex* from our Forum Marketplace.

**Next month:** Goals for a better sex life. Essential reading for all men and their partners.

International Events and Research.

# FORUM NEWS

**Paternity Tests now 99 per cent certain**

New paternity tests offer an almost 99.9 per cent chance of determining who a child's father is, and a better than 90 per cent certainty of who the father is *not*, reports Dr Herbert Polesky of the War Memorial Blood Bank in Minneapolis.

Recent developments in blood factor testing have resulted in increased paternity test accuracy. In addition to testing for the major blood groups of A, B, O, Rh and MNS, serum protein tests further narrow the field today. Laboratories now check for such factors as gamma globulin markers, BF protein, gc protein, haptoglobin and inherited red cell enzymes such as esterase D and acid phosphatase. The combination of these additional tests greatly increases the chances of exonerating men falsely accused in paternity suits.

Paternity forecasters are a little like weathermen, since they have to stick to percentages. But as Dr Polesky explains, the same factors which lead to excluding men in paternity suits can be used to calculate the likelihood that he is the father. Courts have traditionally been interested in simply determining who is *not* the father. Current testing methods may result in a whole new degree of accuracy in paternity cases in the future.

**Rape In India**

One of the most respected judges of India's Supreme Court recently demanded that rapists should be flogged in public.

The proposal created a sensation because corporal punishment is unknown in this country. Indians look askance at the spectacle of public lashing, which has become popular entertainment in General Zia-ul-Haq's Pakistan.

Mr Justice V.D. Tulzarpurkar, who made the suggestion, was addressing a New Delhi seminar on protecting women from sexual assault, especially from attacks by guardians of the law.

Hundreds of women — MPs, teachers, journalists, social workers, students and ordinary housewives — have since paraded the streets of Bombay and New Delhi to launch a vigorous campaign for revision of the law on rape. 'A shopkeeper sells his wares but no one has the right to plunder his shop' argues Mrs Pramila Dandavate, MP, as she pleads that prostitutes too must be protected from exploitation.

The upsurge was provoked by the insuperable legal obstacles faced by a 15-year-old peasant girl in a Maharashtra village. She was unlawfully taken to the local police station and locked in a cell where, according to a Bombay High Court judge, two constables 'felled her to the ground and raped her in spite of her protests and stiff resistance'.

A lower court had earlier acquitted the policemen on the grounds that there was 'a world of difference' between rape

and sexual intercourse, and that the use of force had not been proved. But the Bombay judge found them both guilty and sent them to jail. His verdict was set aside by the Supreme Court, which argued that the girl's presumed consent could only be vitiated by 'fear of death or of hurt', of which there was insufficient evidence.

The assault took place on 26th March, 1972. The Supreme Court's decision was announced on 15th September, 1978. Protest has been gathering momentum since then, the widespread demand being that the case should be reopened. India's Women's organisations complain that India's century-old law is riddled with loopholes and encourages abuse. Rapists usually get off scot free because the victim has to prove the charge. Few orthodox women will willingly submit to medical examination; fewer still will dare to stand up in court to give detailed testimony on a matter of such delicacy.

**Donors**

Fertility clinics at Sydney hospitals report an urgent need for sperm donors. Apparently some women are waiting up to a year to have artificial insemination because of a shortage of donors.

Two hospitals — the Royal North Shore and King George V — are particularly short of male donors with brown hair, brown eyes and olive skin. The shortage of donors with sandy hair and blue eyes is not so serious.

Dr Stephen Steigrad, the deputy superintendent at the Royal Hospital for Women, Paddington, says the clinic needs about eight donations a week, but is presently receiving four or five.

Dr Sue Fleming, clinical superintendent at King George V, says the hospital requires 10 new donors each month, but receives fewer than five.

The head of the department of obstetrics and gynaecology at Royal North Shore, Prof Douglas Saunders, says the lack of donors is the main limiting factor with AID (artificial insemination).

He says the waiting period of six to nine months is a result of the serious shortage of donors, particularly southern Mediterranean and Chinese. At King George V Dr Fleming says the wait is up to 12 months for this group.

Potential donors can contact the fertility clinics at the hospitals for more information.

**Health Foods**

Health foods may not be as healthy as they pretend to be according to *Choice*, the monthly journal of the Australian Consumers Association.

It cited as a common myth the belief that food pre-packed by health-food companies was likely to be cleaner than food packaged on the premises by health-food stores or those supplied by traditional food-industry channels.

*Choice* said that analysis of samples of unprocessed bran, rolled oats, wholemeal flour and walnut pieces revealed insect fragments and rodent hair in two samples.

The laboratory which conducted the analysis for *Choice* said, 'The presence of insect fragment and rodent hair indicated poor storage and sanitary conditions and should not be excused'.

*Choice* reported that pieces of grit and fibre, minute flakes of paint and wood were also discovered, as well as glass.

# 3

**Contraceptive wrist watch**

Throw away your thermometers, ladies — the latest in electronic gadgetry will give you up-to-the-minute news on your fertility.

The ingenious folks at the American Intersonics Corporation have taken out a patent on a woman's wrist watch that gauges pregnancy potential by the temperature method.

The watch contains a microcomputer connected to an accurate sensor that marks the woman's lowest daily temperature, and is thereby able to signal when ovulation occurs in her monthly cycle. The watch will relay a message of 'safe', 'unsafe', or 'fertile'.

Your fertility check can now be as easy as pressing a button.

**Women who fool around**

Extramarital sex can no longer be considered a male prerogative. More and more wives are having affairs these days. Lynn Atwater, a behavioural scientist at Seton Hall University in the United States, conducted a survey of married women who were having an extramarital affair or had previously had one. What she found may surprise you:

Of the 40 women Atwater studied, the vast majority entered into marriage expecting to be faithful to their spouse; in fact, 95 per cent gave no conscious thought to extramarital sex early in their marriage. When the opportunity for an extramarital liaison did occur, however, 75 per cent gave a lot of thought to becoming involved before doing so, and over half of the women had a conversation about extramarital sex before actually engaging in it. Fifty per cent personally knew somebody who had also had an extramarital affair.

Are all these women on the road to divorce? Not if their husbands don't find out — only half the women claimed to be unhappy with their marriages.

**STDs**

A speaker at a recent medical conference in Sydney warned of an increase in the incidence of sexually transmitted diseases in Australia.

Dr Don Jorgensen, of Royal Adelaide Hospital, was speaking at a combined conference of Australian and Canadian physicians and surgeons.

Dr Jorgensen said the first priority was to educate the medical profession better. 'It is not their ignorance that worried me, but their determination to remain ignorant,' he said.

Teaching about sexually transmitted diseases had been neglected in hospitals and training colleges for about 10 years because the medical profession thought penicillin had solved the problem.

But gonorrhoea especially was building up a resistance to penicillin and would build up resistance in the future to any alternative drug used to treat it.

Dr Jorgensen said that the most serious increase in sexually transmitted diseases had been with syphylis.

# SOUL MATES

**Here is your chance to meet other readers**

Writers of letters in this Soul Mates section have indicated they are willing to receive correspondence. If you wish to reply personally to one of these letters, send your reply in a sealed, stamped, blank envelope and enclose this with a letter to Forum specifying the intended recipient. We will then send on the letter (names and addresses of letters will be kept confidential). The rest is up to you.

Due to the restrictions of the Victorian censorship regulations, we are unable to include letters containing explicit advertisements for sexual contact in issues distributed in Victoria and Queensland. Such letters *may* be included in the national issue (available through subscription) at the editor's discretion.

**Sincere man** ♀

I am a lonely 26-year-old mature man who I can describe as sincere and honest. I seek the companionship of a suitable, attractive girl with the view of a serious relationship.

I am a consulting engineer and currently a post-graduate student undertaking my Doctor of Philosophy degree (PhD). I am 175 cm tall, brown hair and eyes, with an olive complexion. My interests are reading, photography, all sorts of music, clubs, dinners. Sports: table tennis and squash. I do not smoke and I drink socially.

Reply with photo and telephone number would be very much appreciated.

*Mr A.M.,*
*Sydney, NSW.*

**Virgin** ♀

I have been reading Forum for the past six months or so, and find it a source of valuable and useful information, particularly for someone at my age (20) and still a 'virgin', for I have yet to complete sexual union with a woman.

I feel that a woman who has had satisfactory experience in sexual intercourse might be in a good position to teach me some of the 'finer points' likely to ensure good results for both parties. If possible I would like very much to get in touch with such a woman without either of us necessarily incurring a permanent involvement.

Alternatively and on the same basis, there may be a lady slightly older or younger than I am and inexperienced too, who might be agreeable to our experimenting together in the search for mutually satisfactory ways and means of achieving a successful sexual relationship.

*Mr M.R.,*
*Sydney, NSW.*

**Bisexual lady** ♀

My husband and I both enjoy a full and wonderful sex life and after much discussion feel we would like to get involved with a lady who would like to meet a clean, mature Australian couple in their early 30s with the aim of mutual, fun, sexy times ahead.

Looking forward to hearing from some lady very soon.

*Ms C.A.,*
*Canberra, ACT.*

**Quiet type** ♂

I am a gay guy, 23 years old and writing this letter in the hope of finding someone with whom I can hopefully establish a close friendship. I have tried other avenues in the same hope but these have all come to nothing.

I am basically a quiet type of guy and not involved with the 'gay scene', dope, etc. My interests are fairly varied and adaptable. I am after friendship first and foremost, but have an open mind on sex. If there are any gay guys around 23-28 years old, who are after a friendship but not into the bars and beats, please reply to me with an honest letter, stating what you would like to establish in the way of a relationship.

*Mr S.B.,*
*Sydney, NSW.*

**Simple things** ♂

After being through various clubs and agencies a Forum reader might just be curious enough to reply to my letter.

Firstly I am 44, just over 6', an average guy who enjoys basically the simple things in life. Love nude sunbathing and swimming, social get-togethers, dancing, homelife and generally relaxation type activities. As long as they lead to peace of mind I will pursue these pleasures. But where are the females, which I am told abound in the thousands, till you find or begin to wonder if this is just a fallacy. Maybe one will read this and drop a line. Come on ladies, there is the challenge, I *am* sincere and genuine, trust that you will be also.

*Mr T.J.,*
*Sydney, NSW.*

**Escort correspondence** ♂

I am a professional man with a genuine concern for the physical, mental and spiritual welfare of people. Having lived in Brisbane all of my 44 years I have seen great change. One of the curious things which concerns me is the number of call-girl services masquerading as 'escort agencies'. In a recent edition of a Brisbane newspaper there were 156 adverts. in the 'personal' column, of which 56 were for 'escorts'.

Now do not get me wrong. I have no puritanical views and it is quite immaterial to me how these people earn their living. (Although I do admit that the similar 'massage services' have made it very difficult for a true therapist to gain full acceptance.) The question that does concern me is: 'What about the other people?' Isn't it just conceivable that there are some genuine considerate males who simply want a pleasant evening out with female company with no hassles and no rip-offs?

And how about the ladies? Surely there must be women of all ages who would happily pay a fee of say $25.00 in order to be safely and efficiently escorted for the evening — to have the company of an attentive male who arrives on time, is correctly attired and who knows about 'those little things that count'.

Imagine the boon such a service would be to the interstate or overseas traveller. Yet where are such bone-fide escorts to be found? Please. Would some of your readers care to write to me expressing their views? I will guarantee to write to any genuine correspondent.

*Mr L.H.,*
*Brisbane, Qld.*

**Threesome?** ♂

To all the couples thinking of making a threesome — for many years we thought of making it with a third partner (a male). Well, we tried it and after a few times adjusted to the new situation. Although we have only been with one person, my wife has gone off the idea for the time being.

Having had the experience and pleasure on a few occasions, I would now like to hear from couples who are or may be thinking of trying sex with a third partner.

*Mr L.D.,*
*South-East Qld.*

**Down in the dumps** ♀

I am wondering whether Soul Mates may be the answer to my need. My husband and I are truly happy together and we seem to be more so with each passing year. However, I feel the need for female companionship and whatever else could follow if we were tuned into the same wavelength.

Being basically shy, although with people I know I am very open, I find it hard to get to know people and do not really have many friends at all. I find it hard to even get myself out during the day due to lack of enthusiasm. As we have a lovely brick home in the outer Western suburbs I was thinking how nice it could be if there was a lady willing to share our home and pass on some enthusiasm to me, also some stimulating conversation to get me involved with life once again. I seem to spend all day sort of down in the dumps until my hubbie arrives home in the evening. Circumstances do not bother us, maybe there is an unmarried mother or mother-to-be or a single lady somewhere that could fulfil my life for me and also introduce herself to a nice loving family. As I am, I suppose, an average housekeeper it would have to be a person who was not a fanatic where housework was concerned, as I believe in doing things when I get around to it. If it was not possible for my prospective 'Soul Mate' to live in that would not matter either as long as she had quite a lot of free time on her hands. Here's hop-

ing she reads Forum this month whoever she may be.

*Ms A.D.,*
*West Sydney, NSW.*

**Older lady**

I am in my late 50s, but look much younger, a professional man with good education and many and varied interests ranging from music (not too heavy) to travel and solar energy — a non-smoker and almost non-drinker, and generally pretty fit.

Many of the ladies I have spoken to in the over 50 age group say they are not interested in sex any more, and one wonders if they indeed ever have been. They express surprise that you still have any interest that way and are quite likely to become remonstrative and accuse you of being a 'dirty old man' thereby giving the distinct impression that they have always recognised sex as 'dirty' and 'naughty' and certainly not orgasmic. It makes one feel like the 'Mr In-Between' that Burl Ives used to sing about. And so it was very heartening to read in Forum that you 'often get letters from women who would like to meet a man for sex relief'. How I would love to meet such a woman, but of course she would have to be compatible in other respects, respectable and discreet.

I notice that you do not receive many letters from women Soul Mates from the Hobart area, at least that are published, but I am still hopeful that some suitable reader is not too far away and prepared to make life more interesting. If I can attract any replies, they will all be answered and I can guarantee the strictest confidence. My principal aims would be companionship, mutual interests and mutual pleasure. I do hope there is somebody.

*Mr R.H.,*
*Hobart, Tas.*

**Bursting at the seams** ♂

I am a 22-year-old male bursting at the seams to find someone to love and share a little of life with.

After some none too successful relationships in the past, I would love to meet an older woman who likes to laugh and live a little, perhaps put up with one who is sometimes a little moody, but longing to become a better person and grow a little with someone who wants to grab life by the short and curlies.

I am generally easy going, adaptable and open to new ideas. I have a wide range of interests from weekend motorcycle trips, good music, to nights at the theatre. Here is to all the friendly souls I know are out there somewhere, I would like to write, meet and get close to you.

*Mr B.H.,*
*Townsville, Qld.*

**Shopping list** ♀

The letters in this section of your journal can sound horribly like shopping lists or recipes with ingredients x, y, z. I would like to meet *anyone* for human contact! I think it is fairly incredible that I should have to draw up specifications detailing what *I* want in another human being and I also think it abhorrent that I should have to describe my physical and personal characteristics. Anyway, having got that off my chest, I shall rush through the specifications as quickly as possible.

Age 34, single, female, never married (developed fairly solitary life-style from an early age), 5'8", 8½ stone, now working in public service, just finished arts degree (part-time) and currently doing some 4th year studies part-time. Interests: work, life, music (including punk but not disco), dancing, books, films, political power and what makes it tick, etc, etc. Would like to meet and/or correspond with male or female of any age because with working full-time and doing part-time studies I do not have enough time to hang around pubs and dance-halls trying to pick up/meet someone. Also am parnoid about going out on my own to pubs and dances as everyone seems so depressingly young (and everyone seems to be *with* someone). All of my friends (the few there are) are married or in a traditional male-female relationship and my closest female friend is too occupied raising her teenage offspring single-handedly to provide much companionship.

I would really like someone to go out with now and then (theatre, listening to live music etc) or even just to enjoy a drink and a good talk with. At the moment I find I can only make it on my own to films, but life can get a bit lonely on the odd Friday or Saturday night. I am interested in common hetero-sex but since the end of a really good and stable relationship nearly three years

ago, have had virtually nil. I am also interested in corresponding with/meeting females of around my own age (specifications again!) who feel similarly cribbed, confined and caged for whatever reason.

*Ms E.M.,*
*Adelaide, SA.*

**Englishman** ♂

Like so many Soul Mates I have one big problem, loneliness. I am English, a naturalised Australian and a Commonwealth Public Servant. Since leaving school at 15 I have been travelling the world in the Army, and being sent to some pretty far off places: East Africa, South Arabia, Malaya (as it was then) and Borneo.

Since coming to Australia 10 years ago, it has been firstly work in Sydney, three jobs at the same time to get some money together, Newcastle Steel Works on shift work, now working way out in the outback. None of my jobs has been the type where you can settle into a bit of socialising. Now, at 41, I say to myself 'do something'. Thank you for starting the Soul Mates column, I would hate to have to invest in the Sydney Personal Columns. I am a social drinker only, non-smoker, and except for the fact that I am currently getting over a broken leg, am still in great physical condition.

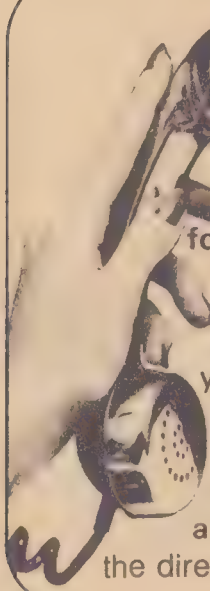
I am also an avid letter writer. Any lady to 40 who would like to communicate will be assured of an immediate and confidential reply.

*Mr R.D.,*
*Country, NSW.*

**Free massage** ♂

After reading your article a few journals back, I was impressed by your story on massage for women, so I thought I would give it a look and stick a few ads in the local paper. The first ad was to no avail, not having a phone, I used my box number but as you realise this is not satisfying as a way of running a massage business, if you can call it that, I never received a reply. The

*cont. p.59*

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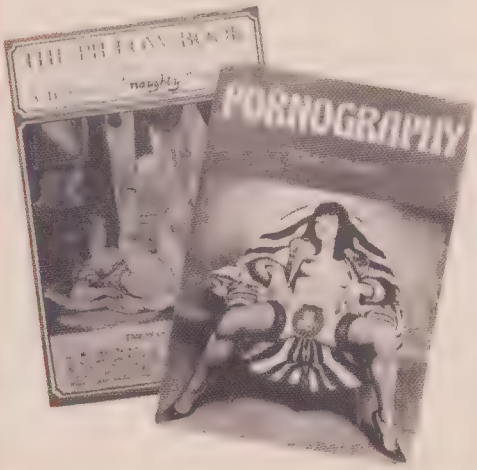
# THE FORUM MARKETPLACE

**Australia's best and biggest selection of sexual books and aids is now as close as your letterbox — and only a 'phone call away — through the Forum Marketplace. Choose from the wide selection then see p.50 for your order form and details of our 24-hour telephone ordering service.**

## Book of the month:

'Masterpieces of Erotic Photography' presents the work of the world's best erotic photographers. Superbly produced, colour and black and white photographs. Images to excite every imagination. A visual delight **$17.50**

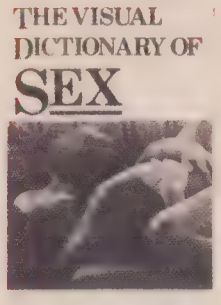



## Our latest additions...

**The Pillow Book or A History of 'naughty' pictures**
337 illustrations of erotic fantasies carefully selected from centuries of pornographic arts. **$12.50**

**Pornography or Art?**
Extraordinary collection of sexually explicit art — primitive and contemporary. Imported, uncensored version. **$12.50**

# Increase your sexual knowledge:

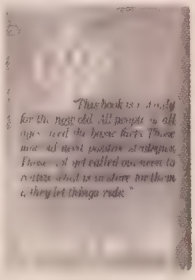



**The Visual Dictionary of Sex:** One of Forum's most popular books. Crammed with sensible information and over 600 pictures, photographs, many in colour. **$22.95**

**The Sex Atlas:** Valuable reference book summarising current knowledge on all aspects of sexuality. Lavishly illustrated. **$18.95**

**Playland:** Expose of world boy prostitution network. Read about the men who buy boys. **$6.50**

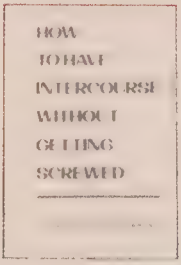
**The Other Side of Rape:** Australian research on rapists and their victims. Case histories, the psychology of mass rape. **$7.95**



**A Good Age:** Dr Alex Comfort examines the range of options open to all who wish to remain alert and active past middle age. **$14.50**

# Books for young adults:

**Will I Like It?**: For young, inexperienced adults this will answer all your questions about sex. Beautifully illustrated. **$9.50**




**How to Have Intercourse Without Getting Screwed:** Excellent book for young adults, easy to read, chatty style giving vital information. **$6.00**

**Down Under the Plum Trees:** Fascinating, controversial book written by adolescents. Explicit information plus wonderful personal stories. **$8.50**

# How-to-do-it books:

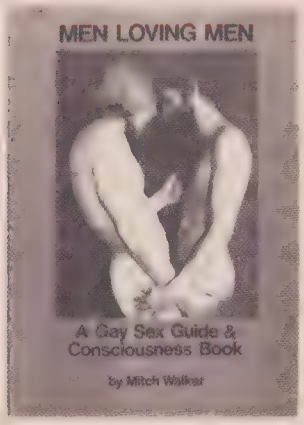
**Art of Sensual Massage:** Learn a new way of touching and being touched. A truly delightful book. Over 200 superb photographs show you how. A gift for your lover. **$11.50**

**The Tao of Love and Sex:** Detailed guide to ancient Chinese methods of achieving sexual ecstasy. Careful, simple explanations and descriptions of techniques. **$9.95**

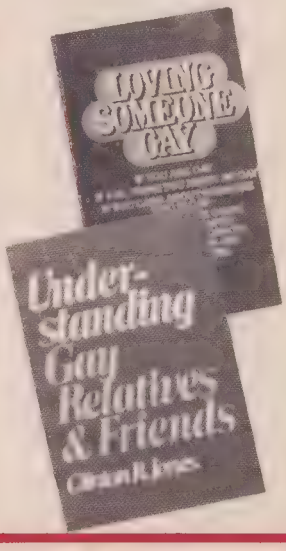
**The Secret Joys of Sexual Fulfillment:** A basic book on sexual techniques. Detailed how-to-do-it information plus 300 photographs, some colour. **$11.50**

**The Joys of Oral Love:** Detailed descriptions of techniques of oral love plus discussion of attitudes. Fully illustrated. **$9.50**

# Books for homosexuals:



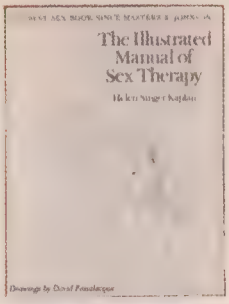

**Men Loving Men:** Describes basic homosexual lovemaking techniques, gives medical information, describes feelings. Superb photographs of loving men. **$15.95**




**Understanding Gay Relatives and Friends:** Essential reading for anyone with a homosexual in the family. For better understanding, helpful advice. **$4.95**

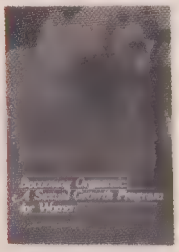
**Loving Someone Gay:** Guide by gay therapists to relationships between a gay person and his/her lovers, friends and family. Highly recommended. **$4.00**

# Problem solvers:

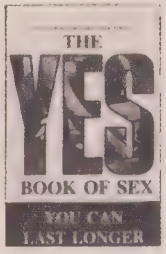



**The Illustrated Manual of Sex Therapy:** Important therapy book by Dr Helen Kaplan. Advice on curing basic sex problems. Beautifully illustrated. **$16.50**

**Sexual Awareness:** Excellent sexual problem solving book for men and women. Increase your sexual pleasure. **$7.00**



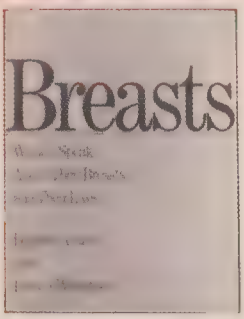
**Becoming Orgasmic:** Our best-selling therapy book. Can help any woman gain more enjoyment and learn to climax. **$7.50**



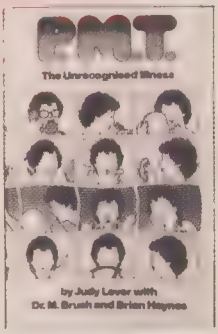

**You Can Last Longer:** Learn to delay ejaculation through self-help programme. Fully illustrated with colour photographs. **$5.50**

**Sexual Joy in Marriage:** Useful basic book on solving simple sex problems. Sensible advice, photographs. **$7.00**

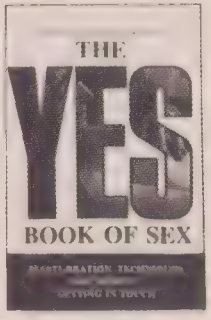
# Books for women:




**Breasts:** Photographic catalogue of breasts of women in all variety of shape, size and age. Plus extraordinary personal stories. **$14.50**



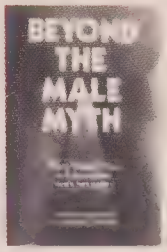

**PMT:** Exciting new book on pre-menstrual tension. All sufferers plus husbands, relatives and friends *must* read this book. **$12.95**




**Masturbation Techniques for Women:** Colour photographs of women learning to accept their own bodies through self-stimulation. **$5.50**

# Books for men:

**Men and Sex:** The most important book on male sexuality yet written. Increase your sexual enjoyment. Highly recommended. **$14.95**

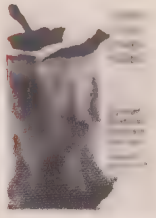



**Beyond the Male Myth:** First major survey of sexual feelings and experiences of 4,000 men. Learn what men really want. **$6.50**

**How to be a Pregnant Father:** Hilarious, fun-filled book giving sensible advice. Wonderful gift for expectant father. **$6.50**

# Relationships:

**Total Loving:** Important information on how to save a shaky relationship and avoid future pitfalls. By author of *The Sensuous Woman*. **$4.00**



**Adultery and Other Private Matters:** Essential reading for all couples concerned with issues of sexual freedom vs monogamy. **$12.95**

**Options:** A startling look at the changing sexual horizons that will challenge old attitudes even as it questions the new. **$4.00**

# Good reading:

**Hardcore Crafts:** Artists and craftsmen indulge their wildest erotic fantasies. You will love this erotic, amusing book. **$9.50**

**Love's Mysteries:** Learn what attracts men and women to each other — the science of sexual attraction. **$12.95**

**Conundrum:** A beautifully written personal account of the sex change of Jan Morris, journalist and father of four children. **$4.00**

# Savings, Savings, Savings & Savings

## Any three of the following books for $20.00

The Illustrated Manual of Sex Therapy*
How to be a Pregnant Father
Love's Mysteries*
Adultery and Other Private Matters*
The Other Side of Rape
Sexual Awareness
Total Loving
How to Have Intercourse Without Getting Screwed
Beyond the Male Myth

DINERS CLUB INTERNATIONAL
AMERICAN EXPRESS
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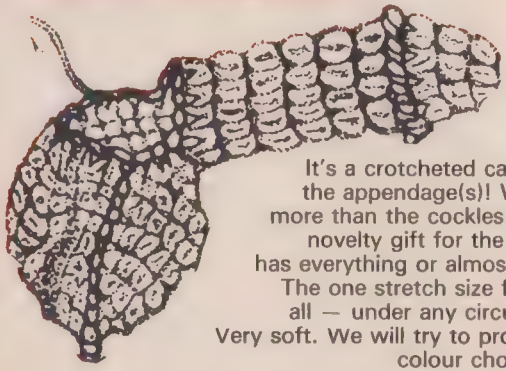
## Save up to $20.00 on this special offer..

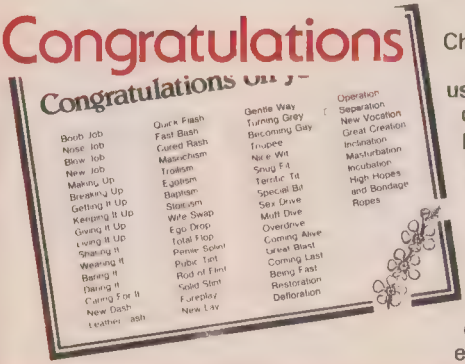
***Note: Only two of the books marked * can be included.**

# What on earth is a 'Peter Heater'?



It's a crotcheted cardigan for the appendage(s)! Warms far more than the cockles. Hilarious novelty gift for the man who has everything or almost nothing. The one stretch size fits almost all — under any circumstance. Very soft. We will try to provide your colour choice. **$5.50**

# Congratulations




Cheeky/chummy cards you can use to overcome communication problems. Lists 60 alternatives to tick. Better than an obscene phone call, or a bouquet of roses. High quality cards (20) with envelopes **$8.95**

## Embarrassed to ask your chemist?

Upon reader request, we now have condoms available through Forum's Marketplace. We chose Wetchecks (the brand recommended by Forum's testing panel), sensitive, lubricated with teats. Available in packets of 12 for **$2.90**

**Plus:** As a bonus, never a substitute for foreplay, KY Jelly is an excellent lubricant — a means of getting things going. 35g tube for **$3.25.**

## Space-age aphrodisiac!

Bring the world's best adult-only movies into your own bedroom with the marvels of video cassette.

Write to Forum for a list of our carefully selected erotic cassettes. Plus TTM's personal reviews.

# Vib ators

Add a sensuous bonus to your lovemaking — here's our range . . .

**PLUS 5:** Top-rating model. 240v, two speeds, compact size, five attachments include clitoral/vaginal stimulators, scalp and body massagers. Very quiet. Supremely versatile. Illust. instructions. Ideal gift. Best value for money. Recommended by Forum consultants **$26.95**

**ADDITIONAL MALE ATTACHMENT:** Male dome attachment for PLUS 5 vibrator **$4.50**

**PIFCO:** 240v. Variable speed control, five attachments, (external use). Stronger vibrator than Plus 5. Well made. **$40.00**

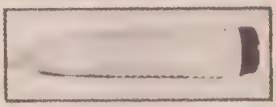
**VIBRATOUCH:** 240v, one speed, extremely vigorous. Large fixed cushion head. **$39.00**

**VIBRATORY EGG:** A battery-operated model, designed for vaginal insertion. External control box has knob so you can vary the speed. **$11.90**

**NON-DOCTOR:** Batt. two speed, rigid plastic with three attachments. Suitable insertion. **$19.50**

**VIBRADONG:** On reader request, much larger (longer) than life battery-operated model. Soft latex rubber case with one speed rigid plastic vibrator insert. **$20.95**

**SIMPLE:** Batt. In rigid plastic. A little noisy and hard. Two speeds. Can be inserted. **$7.50**



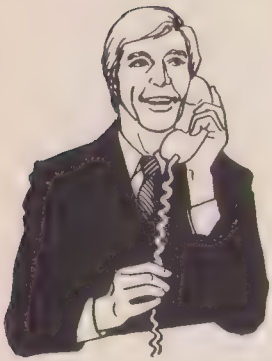
**SKIN:** Batt. Two speed. Is warm to hold, fairly soft and flexible, has stimulation nodules. (Rubber) **$24.95**

**ORGO STIMULATOR:** Battery op. Noisy, one speed vibrating tip on flexy shaft from battery case. **$24.95**

## PRICES

We have been forced to increase the price of some items this month to cover increased postal charges. All prices now include certified mail.

**NOTE:** Batteries are not usually supplied with the battery-operated models.



# Order by telephone

## New 24-hour ordering service

To help readers and to speed service we have started a telephone ordering service. Using your Bankcard/American Express/ Diners Club card, you can now order from the Forum Catalogue 24-hours a day, seven days a week. This service is available only to Credit Card holders.

This is what you do — Telephone (02) 326 1932, day or night. After business hours an answering machine will take your order. You must give this information clearly: NAME (please spell it out); Your ADDRESS (spell it again); Your ORDER; Your CREDIT CARD type and number; Your Credit Card EXPIRY DATE; The TOTAL of your purchase.

As a guide, this is what you should say: 'My name is ...., my address is ...., I want to order ..... and ..... and start a subscription for ..... years. I want to charge this purchase to my ..... card (REPEAT NUMBER). The expiry date on my card is ..... The total of my purchase is $.....'

Using STD night rates and following the formula outlined above, the call should cost you very little. To further help those who use our telephone ordering system we are instituting a daily mailing. Your order should be with you in a few days — Post Office willing!

bankcard

DINERS CLUB INTERNATIONAL

AMERICAN EXPRESS

# HERE'S YOUR ORDER FORM

**To order from the FORUM Catalogue, fill out the coupon below and post to FORUM, PO Box 256 Paddington 2021. You may pay by cheque/postal note/credit card. Use this coupon for your subscription order.**

**Name** .....

**Address** .....

..... **Postcode**.....

| NAME OF ITEM ORDERED | Quantity | $ | c |
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| **Subscriptions: 1yr $18 ☐ 2yr $35 ☐ 3yr $50 ☐** | | | |
| **SEND TO: FORUM, PO BOX 256 Paddington 2021** | **TOTAL: $** | | |

**CREDIT CARD PAYMENT** ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ **Amount** .....

**Name** ..... **Expiry Date** ..... **Signature** .....

# FORUM READERSHIP SURVEY

What do you think of Forum? We would like to know because after all, it is your magazine, designed to appeal to you and inform you of what is happening in the world of human relations and sexuality.

Are there any topics you feel we are neglecting? What else would you like to see discussed in Forum? We believe contact with you and your wishes is essential and we invite you to send us your answers to this questionnaire. Your replies will be anonymous and confidential.

We need this information in order to assess your needs and to shape our Forum to suit your desires. Send your completed answers to Forum Readership Survey, P.O. Box 256, Paddington 2021.

Sex.....Age.....Occupation .....

Marital Status.....Number of Children .....

If married, how long? .....

Education .....

Total annual income .....

How did you first hear about Forum? .....

Are you a subscriber?.....For how long? .....

Have you ever been a subscriber?.....For how long? .....

If not a subscriber, do you buy every issue regularly, or just one every now and then?

.....

How long have you been reading Forum? .....

Do you read the entire issue? .....

If not, which sections do you leave out? .....

.....

Which sections/type of article do you enjoy most? .....

.....

.....

P.T.O.

Please comment on the following features:
(Are they too long, too short, dull, terrific etc.)

Soul Mates .....

.....

Forum Adviser .....

.....

International News .....

.....

Health & Nutrition .....

.....

Down Under .....

.....

Token Offering .....

.....

Sexuality study (National issue only) .....

.....

Do you discuss what you read in Forum with anyone? .....

.....

Has Forum helped you to solve any personal problems? .....

In what way? .....

.....

Do you have any suggestions for Forum's improvement? .....

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Please add any further comments (attach extra sheet if necessary)

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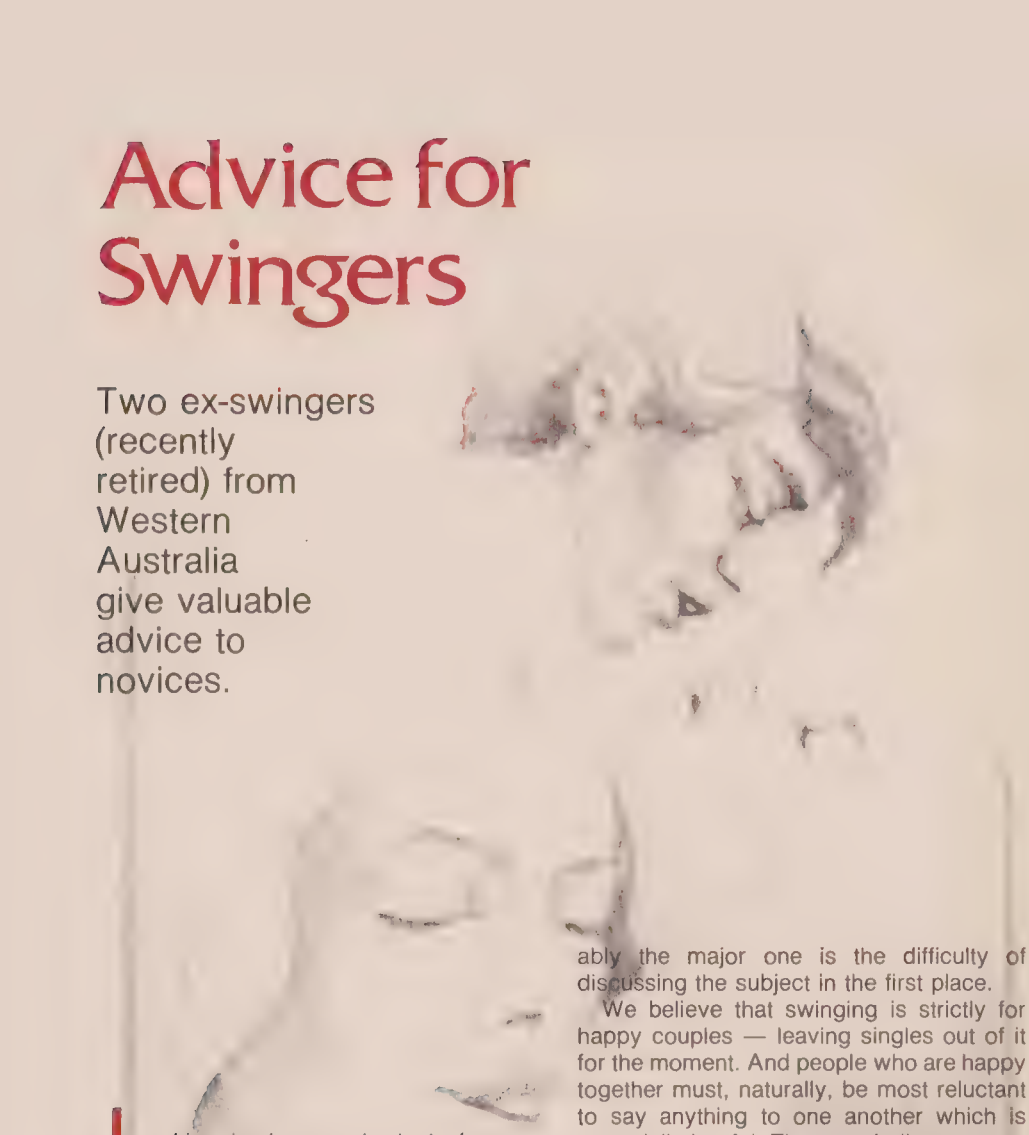
# Advice for Swingers

Two ex-swingers (recently retired) from Western Australia give valuable advice to novices.



Looking back on a 'swinging' career extending over many years, my wife and I feel that some of our observations and experiences may be of interest to others. We are convinced that there must be countless couples who have at least considered swinging — or the temporary exchange of sexual partners. We suspect that there must be many who have shelved or abandoned the idea for a variety of reasons, but probably the major one is the difficulty of discussing the subject in the first place.

We believe that swinging is strictly for happy couples — leaving singles out of it for the moment. And people who are happy together must, naturally, be most reluctant to say anything to one another which is potentially hurtful. Thus, we believe, countless couples deny themselves the great pleasure and thrill of sharing their sexuality with others out of simple consideration for their partner — who in turn, almost certainly has his or her own secret thoughts, fantasies and desires.

The solution is not as difficult as may seem, although it does — like slimming, stopping smoking, or going to the dentist —

take a little courage and determination. First, it is necessary to think things out carefully and as objectively as possible. It may well be that you are more than a little bored or disappointed in existing arrangements and would like nothing better than to put a little spice into your love life. But before discussing this with your partner it may be as well to ask yourself a few very direct questions and to answer them honestly and truthfully. Questions like: 'How would I feel seeing my woman passionately responding to another man?' or: 'Would it upset me to watch another woman fellating my man?'

These and other questions, if honestly answered, will help to clarify your feelings and determine whether you are genuinely interested in swinging, or just mildly intrigued? Of course, it is always possible that this little exercise in self-analysis will turn you off the idea completely. If so, well and good, no harm done. Otherwise, it may be time to proceed to the next stage. However, the one thing you must avoid at all costs is any attempt to answer such questions for your partner, on the assumption that you know them so well that you know their every thought, feeling and reaction. Anyone naive enough to believe that should forget all about swinging, it is definitely not a pastime for babes-in-the-wood.

If you really want to do something about swinging as a couple, sooner or later you will have to talk it out. This can be made a great deal easier by adhering strictly to the three t's: — timing, tact and truth. It is not a good idea to raise the subject with your man just after he has had a premature ejaculation, or has failed to rise to the occasion. You know, and we know, that your interest in swinging has nothing at all to do with his occasional shortcomings, but suggesting it at the wrong time could well be misunderstood. Similarly, the idea of swinging is not likely to appeal to a woman when she is worried about little Johnny's rash, or is in the middle of a period and feeling like death, or just after she has caught you leering at some 44" bosom and is feeling a little inadequate! But it may be a good idea — as you are entering the straight one night after a long, satisfying gallop, to whisper in her ear: 'How would you like to do this with Charlie some time? He's got quite a reputation as a stud, I believe.' Or to laughingly suggest, as he begins to respond for the third time to your skilful coaxing: 'Hey, don't you ever have enough? I'll have to get an assistant to cope with you! How about Julie? She fancies you, you know.'

So much for timing. Pick the right moment and you could be half-way home. We all have periods when we are more receptive and in tune with one another. Tact, of course, is also most important. It is essential to appreciate that your partner has all sorts of doubts, inhibitions and uncertainties where you are concerned. Arousing or aggravating these will get you nowhere fast. It is always a good idea to review as many of these as you may be aware of, before making the initial approach — and to soothe, or avoid altogether, these delicate areas wherever possible. A little skilful and subtle flattery won't hurt, either.

We all have our weak points and knowledge of these can make us reluctant to put our attractions — such as they are — to the test with a stranger. For instance, a balding man might like to be told: 'Your new beard really suits you, darling, and I love the way it tickles. Women with smooth-faced men don't know what they are missing!' Of course, one mustn't overdo these things. Too much admiration of the home product may lead the owner to wonder why one should want to swap such perfection for an obviously inferior brand. Just the same, a little reassurance, as well as invoking the images of other people into a hitherto strictly two-some exercise is quite likely to produce at least a hint of a favourable reaction.

If the timing has been right, and the subject has been tactfully nudged into the open — 'negotiations' will eventually follow. It is well not to rush things along. The hints have been made, the reactions noted and now

time is needed for the idea to take root and grow. Few healthy people are free of considerable curiosity where sex is concerned and the chance of learning something about the characteristics and behaviour of others is very intriguing. So, sooner or later, the subject is almost bound to crop up again. And it is at this stage that it is really important to be as truthful and open as possible, in order to reach the fullest possible understanding — and agreement arrived at must always be strictly fulfilled. If, for instance, the woman feels reluctant to be undressed, caressed and made love to in front of her man — then she must say so and perhaps stipulate separate rooms, at least to start with. It helps, of course, if she is able to explain her reasons, e.g. 'I might get a fit of the giggles if you were watching.'

Once mutual agreement has been achieved, it is even more necessary to be truthful with potential partners. Any experienced swinging couple will know how off-putting and disappointing it can be to open the front door expecting to find a 'slightly plump lady of average height' accompanied by a 'rugged, well-equipped male model,' only to come face to face with an 18 stone lady midget accompanied by a 6'6" skeleton and later to discover that the much-vaunted 'equipment' consists of a two-foot dildo and a packet of sheaths several sizes too large — and little else! This by no means disqualifies those of us who are fat or thin, bald or hairy, but no one likes to be deliberately misled. It makes us feel cheated and is the worst possible way to try to score. Far better to be brutally honest in descriptions. This may possibly result in fewer encounters but the ones that do take place will be all the better for an honest beginning. And it should be remembered that, somewhere, there is always someone who will love the very characteristics which we dislike in ourselves.

Truthfulness should not be confined to physical characteristics. It can be equally disastrous to describe oneself as a 'stayer' if all that means is that you do not know how to say goodbye. Similarly, a woman should not be represented as 'uninhibited' simply because she has been known to forget to cross her legs demurely while sitting down. If one partner wants nothing to do with a particular activity, this should be mentioned at an early stage. It is always open to the other party to try for themselves, but at least they should then accept refusal with good grace, having been warned in advance. At the same time, human nature being what it is, we should realise that because our partner demurs from a particular activity with us, this does not necessarily mean that they wouldn't be prepared, or even keen, to try it with a stranger. This may not be easy to understand but within a close relationship certain taboos can develop precisely because such a relationship requires great consideration for each other's feelings in order to succeed on a long-term basis. A woman may well be convinced, for example, that an indication of any interest in, say, anal intercourse, would destroy her man's respect for her. Similarly a man may never bring himself to ask his permanent partner to fellate him for fear of being suspected of 'unnatural' tendencies, or because he fears his partner would find such a request demeaning. It could well be, therefore, that the potential freedom from such inhibitions with a stranger is exactly the reason why either or both are willing to try swinging.

Assuming that the big decision has been made and agreement reached, the next most important question is, obviously, 'with whom?' In our opinion and experience, it is definitely wiser to avoid friends or neighbours when considering potential partners. In fact, with rare exceptions, we have tried to arrange our sessions with people who live a good distance away. We feel it should be clearly recognised that there are inherent dangers in swinging and that the principal of these is the possibility of a strong desire in one or another of the participants to escalate what was intended as a pleasurable, but definitely fleeting, episode, into a great affair! It is comforting to know that,

should such a situation arise, the potential interloper is not living next door. Also, although most swingers are discreet, there is the odd exception and it is much less likely that some unguarded remark will reach a relative or an employer if it is made a long way from home.

The preferred age of prospective partners should also be decided in advance. Many people, of course, have no strong feelings on this point either way. However, it is generally accepted that, while a young woman can often enjoy excellent sex with a much older man, the reverse is rather less common. On the other hand, a very young, inexperienced male, is quite likely to find an encounter with a much older woman an unforgettable experience from which he can learn a great deal. By and large, it is probably best for a very young, inexperienced couple to be introduced to swinging by a considerably older pair. The latter will undoubtedly have the self-assurance to smooth over the initial awkwardness and there is little chance of any jealousy arising between the young couple, secure in the knowledge of the inherent physical attractions of their youth. At the same time there can be great benefits for both couples. The young people may well find the consideration, technique and staying powers of the older couple very much to their liking, whilst the latter will certainly enjoy the excitement and eagerness of young blood as well as the beauty of young bodies. This, then, is a matter for careful thought and close consultation. Of course, some compromise may also be called for.

Having established the ground rules, we can now proceed to the task of finding suitable partners. For beginners particularly, it is advisable to spend some time studying carefully the personal advertisements to be found in many publications. Such study will soon lead to the discovery that, indeed, there is someone for everyone somewhere. We can now begin either to reply to other people's advertisements, or to place an ad or two of our own. In either case it is essential to be as truthful as possible. It is also advisable to advertise — or reply to advertisements — at some length. This, together perhaps with a photograph, will greatly help other people to assess us correctly, thus avoiding disappointment and misunderstanding. People scanning advertisements look for such details as age group, particular interests such as, perhaps, bondage and discipline, bi-sexuality, etc., preference for separate rooms, whether willing to swing first time, etc., etc. The careful reading of replies should enable the recipients to assess with some accuracy such things as any obvious inhibitions, likely background, common interests outside sex, and so on. Photographs and eventual contact by telephone should further expand our knowledge of our potential partners before commitment has gone too far.

At some stage it is a good idea to spell out clearly any safeguards we may be looking for. Discretion can usually be taken for granted, but if the health aspect or birth control are worrying us, it is not unreasonable to seek some information on such points. Also, and especially if 'we' are to visit 'them' for the first time, it may not be a bad idea to agree on some unmistakeable 'S.O.S.' signal to indicate to our partner that we want out. In the reverse situation, where we are the hosts, a certain amount of firmness could become necessary if it transpires that 'they' are keen to proceed and we are not. However, sensible people appreciate that there is always the possibility of a change of heart and accept this with good grace. In the last resort, one of the common social excuses, such as a headache, may need to be used to avoid awkwardness. Above all, there should never be any recriminations between partners in the event of a disappointing encounter for either. Rather, it is then up to the one who did enjoy it, to make it up to the other in every possible way.

The basic principle must always be equal willingness to participate, as well as complete freedom to decline if we wish. With a very inexperienced couple it often helps to

pre-arrange some sort of scenario to be followed, i.e. the host to put on some mood music and suggest dancing, or the hostess to invite the visiting male to look over the house, when the time is judged to be right. There are also on the market a number of ice-breaking party games, though we found on at least one occasion a simple game of cutting cards, with the lowest being required to remove a garment from the highest, quite effective, amusing and relaxing. It often happens that, although both couples are eager to get down to serious business, nobody is game to make the first move. At best this can cause the loss of valuable time, at worst the evening can fizzle out for no better reason than lack of initiative.

Our own preference, especially my wife's, is for separate rooms. This has the obvious advantages of complete freedom of action for both couples and is more likely to result in activities not normally indulged in. Personally, I prefer being in the same room as I like to have the opportunity of seeing my wife with another man. In the event, we take our adventures together or separately according to circumstances. In the latter case I usually encourage my wife afterwards to talk about her experience, although I never press any areas which I sense she is at all reluctant to disclose. If we are all in the one room, I have learned from experience to be wary of making such comments as 'you are the greatest!' or even 'I love those big boobs of yours!' My wife has, before now, surprised me by overhearing some such remark at a time when I thought she was much too busy to be taking any notice of me. In these circumstances it is well to bear in mind the old saying about the odious nature of comparisons.

There have been occasions when, instead of swinging with another couple, we have invited another man to join us. I have never been conscious of any feelings of jealousy in such circumstances and have found each experience intensely stimulating. Once I deliberately broke our own rules by inviting a close friend of very long standing to spend an evening with us while his wife was away. I knew that my wife had always found him attractive and, although I had not prepared the ground in advance, she went along with me in my efforts to make it clear to my friend that he didn't have to go home to his lonely bed that night. Eventually it was she who brought matters to a head by disappearing for a few minutes, then returning in a see-through negligee with just a pair of brief black panties under it, to announce quite casually: 'Well, I don't know about you two, but I'm ready for bed!' The night was a great success from then on, and I knew my friend well enough to be quite certain that he would never take advantage of the situation.

Once or twice we have also tried group sex with three or four couples taking part. For some reason this scene has no appeal to us and it can easily lead to a sort of competitive situation with the men vying for the title of 'stud of the week' and the women being treated simply as sex objects. We made the point earlier that, in our view, swinging is to do with sex for its own sake only. However, we both firmly believe that really good sex can only be achieved if accompanied by genuine desire and sensitive awareness of those with whom we are sharing our pleasures. This last element, particularly, cannot be achieved in a room full of people. Sex is the ultimate intimacy and it is difficult, if not impossible, to be intimate in a crowd.

Sadly, my wife has recently decided that the passage of time has taken too great a toll of our physical attributes to continue our swinging activities. I have, of course, accepted that decision, albeit with regret. However, we still greatly enjoy each other sexually, as well as in companionship, and hope to go on doing so for many years to come.

And if our passion shows signs of cooling at any time, we can draw on a rich store of experience and memories of our swinging days to fan the embers into quite a sizeable flame still.

# Do You Have a Story to Tell?

*The nicest thing about Forum is its readers.*
*We delight in hearing your stories and sharing your experiences.*
*It is a great comfort to know others are suffering*
*the same traumas and finding themselvesin the same,*
*often embarrassing situations. Why don't you write*
*and tell us about something that has happened to you?*
*We offer $150.00 prize for each monthly winner plus*
*normal contributors' rates for shorter articles published.*
*Typed articles are preferable but scribble if you must, your*
*handwriting could not be as bad as ours. Do not feel*
*self-conscious about grammar or spelling. We would like to hear what*
*you have to say, in your own words and your own style.*
*Please tell us if you would like the article published under*
*your own name or if you prefer a pseudonym. We fully realise it*
*is often difficult to write openly about personal relationships*
*where others you care about are involved.*
*Help us make Forum better for you.*

*cont. from p.41*

second ad I had put 'free massage for women' care of my box number and had two replies.

Surely out there among your women readers is a mob of women 20-60 year age bracket who would love a free massage to every part of the body.

I am that eager to get my hands on the go that age, size, looks mean nothing.

*Mr B.A.,*
*Townsville, Qld.*

**Energetic Adelaide** ♀♂

For some time my wife and I have been searching for a way of contacting other couples in situations such as our own. At last Soul Mates has arrived!

Our social life of late has been a bit boring, none of our friends are really the type of people with whom we could share any sexual experiences together. Perhaps this is a new thing (I think not!) and we are not wasting our time writing this letter. My wife has experienced sexual freedom in a group before we were married, but I am relatively new to this sort of thing, although I am anxious to get started, provided of course there are no feelings of jealousy or emotional hang-ups.

My wife and I are both in our early 20s, considered attractive and enjoy all sorts of activities. Dancing is a favourite, swimming, squash, travelling and uninhibited people. We are not just advertising for one night standers, but also people with whom we could share a friendship. The only problem is there never seem to be many letters from readers in Adelaide!

Waiting to hear from you energetic, uninhibited people in Adelaide.

*Mr & Mrs B.D.,*
*Adelaide, SA.*

**Honest female** ♂

Are you single, divorced or separated — or just bored? I am free, widower, 59, alone and in great need of an honest, sensual female, age is immaterial (16-45). It is very difficult up here in the Cairns area to find a female who is completely honest, even to herself, about her natural body feelings. They seem to be ashamed of letting it be known that they want sex very much, they are afraid of parents, Roman church, neighbours, etc, etc. I am looking for a natural female friend with whom I can share the joys of people doing what they both enjoy in sex, conversation, outings, or whatever. Your place, or mine. So if you are really free, uninhibited, lonely or frustrated — write to me — it costs only 22 cents. There is no obligation. But we may click from the first encounter, so it is worth a try.

*Mr J.R.,*
*Cairns, Qld.*

**Open hearted** ♀

This letter was instigated after reading in the March issue the article 'Come In Clark Kent'. I was going to write to Forum Adviser but I know the advice I need. I would like to converse with a mature (22-26 years) male with a huge open heart. My predicament is that I am hopelessly in love with someone whom I can never have. This is another story. This person drained my life of all amenities. I do not laugh any more, I rarely communicate, especially with the opposite sex. I rarely socialise. I have recently shifted to another town and yet my life remains on a low par.

I am 21 and it could be said that I am a little controversial, a little liberated, I have been known to be the life of a party, gay, enthusiastic, one who adores laughter and life. I love a good movie, I love the country, having picnics, bushwalking. I love receiving and writing exciting and funny letters. Dancing to rock, punk and even bush bands thrills me. I do not even mind the city. I also love serenity and a romantic evening for two. I know that I can enjoy all that life has to offer. To me life is a ball of fun to be played with, to be shared, given away and kept, but at the moment I only have memories that are longing to be resurrected and set into motion once again.

I need and want to get on with the business of living again and I discovered that at this time I cannot do it alone. (It is more fun with two.) I seek an exacting person who with me will open those doors again as I know they are bursting to be opened. Is there a genuine, sincere life lover out there whose doors are opened, whose open heart needs company?

*Ms J.A.,*
*Melbourne, Vic.*

**Couples** ♀♂

After seven years of a wonderful marriage, my

wife and I seek the excitement which was so much a part of courtship and our early years together. Our lovemaking is still a very satisfactory event but too often falls into the established pattern. It is our opinion that extending our circle of friends to include couples of like-mind may provide the stimulus of adventure we require. To this end we would like to meet people of similar interests and backgrounds.

We are both highly educated, having good tertiary educations and have a variety of intellectual interests. We also involve ourselves in many physical activities to maintain fitness including squash, gymnastics, tennis and bushwalking. We also have interests in yoga, meditation, tantric sex and music of all kinds. But we are always willing to learn new things. We are in our late 20s and do not have any children.

If you are interested in meeting us, contact us through Soul Mates so that we can have an evening together; playing chess, cards or simply solving the world's problems. Write and tell us about yourselves. If a friendship is formed perhaps we could experiment together in a variety of ways to give pleasure to all in a sensual and caring manner.

*P & C.*
*Sydney, NSW.*

**Gay friends** ♂

I have been a reader of Forum for four years now, and find it a most interesting and enlightening magazine.

I am in my mid 40s, slim and young in outlook. I am homosexual, a secret I have kept for years. Thanks to your Soul Mates section I am hopeful you will print this so that I may hear from other males who are also homosexual.

*Mr W.H.,*
*Rockhampton, Qld.*

**Womanly advice** ♁

Tragedy struck in the form of an industrial accident shattering our happy marriage. It has left my husband, two years later, in bad physical and mental shape, with sex between us almost nonexistent. His desire is dramatically reduced by his injuries and the medication which must continue.

Unsuccessfully I have tried to help him by subtle means as well as obvious physical ones. He often sobs like a baby begging me not to leave him which I have no intention of doing. It has affected my nerves and my own desire, however I am now adjusting and find an element of satisfaction by masturbating, but my technique is lousy and I take ages to have even a mild climax!

I would dearly love to correspond with another woman who has similar problems to exchange notes on our sexual problems. In my school days and early working life, I had several sexual relationships with my own sex. I now find this urge returning. However being house-bound I have little opportunity for meeting anyone interested

*Ms V.S.,*
*Melbourne, Vic.*

**Herpes sufferer** ♂

I am a guy who has for more than four years suffered with Herpes Simplex Virus Type Two. Outbreaks of the virus do not occur very often, however I have avoided sexual contact, as I feel I should not run the risk of passing the virus on. I have avoided telling the people I meet about it as I fear this may lead to rejection by them. This means that my life is empty without someone to share it with.

I am a 26-year-old Australian, average height, weight and looks with a friendly disposition and willing to have a go at most sports, and I live in Sydney at present.

I would very much like to hear from any lady 20 to 30 years old, of pleasant nature, who also suffers from Herpes Type Two, with the view of forming a close relationship and sharing common interests such as outdoor activities.

*Mr W.G.,*
*Sydney, NSW.*

**Not bush dwelling hippies**

Could my wife and I take advantage of your wonderful Soul Mates section to find another couple of similar interests, outlooks and background to our own. After 10 years of marriage we have reached a level of personal development where we would like to investigate the possibility of establishing a deeply personal and intimate relationship with another couple.

We are in our early 30s, are outgoing and gregarious, drink socially and very much enjoy the company of others. We are tertiary educated and embrace the counter culture philosophy and

self sufficient life styles but at a low key and less energetic level than your real bush dwelling hippies. We also have two young school age children and are actively involved in community work and overall are just your average nice people All you wonderful Forum readers start replying.

*Mr & Mrs C. & J.,*
*Townsville, Qld.*

**Passages** ♀

I am interested in hearing from a man who is interested in forming a relationship not exclusively sexual. Let me make an assurance that the sexual side of the relationship would be important to me. Before that I must like the man.

I have a tertiary education and I am working as a helping professional.. My job is a stimulating one and I enjoy my life in all its aspects except that I am no longer special to anyone in a personal sense. I do not want a demanding full-time relationship but neither do I want any one-night stands.

I like nude bathing and listening to classical music. I have one firmly entrenched besetting sin — I hate people who are bloody stupid.

I am 50 years old and a widow. I feel somewhat diffident about writing this letter since I have been monogamous up until now. With the diffidence goes an exciting feeling of curiosity and anticipation about changing this.

*Ms F.N.,*
*Newcastle, NSW.*

**Pen pals** ♂

I am a 20-year-old guy. I just started to read Forum this year and think it is a great book to read.

What I want is: I would like other guys for penpals under the age of 21. I do not care if they are homosexual or not. I hope you can help me.

*Mr B.F.,*
*Gold Coast, Qld.*

**Fitness freak** ♂

I am 28 years old, a bit shy. I am 5'6" tall and weigh 10 stone. I am reasonably good looking and run every day to keep fit. I have given up eating meat and try to eat the right foods. I have been described by wives of friends as the perfect husband as I am warm, very witty and affectionate, and I like to get the best out of life. The problem is I am still by myself. I have tried meeting girls through personal ads in the paper etc. and going to nightclubs. I am getting bored and frustrated with my life, so if there is a lady between the ages of 25 and 35 who is lonely and needs someone to brighten her life like I do please write. I do not smoke, I drink moderately and have a secure job. I am not a rich person and work hard for my money. I like the outdoors, beach, parties, films, so if you are looking for a genuine guy please write.

*Mr J.M.,*
*Toowoomba, Qld.*

**Female friends** ♂

We are an Australian couple, both tertiary educated, who do not fit the normal pattern. Both see most of the accepted things in society as totally dull and boring. We own a nice property, having opted out of our professions for the freer open air life.

She is 25, loves music, he is 45, loves having discussions on controversial issues and aspects of psychology and philosophy. Photography is one of our hobbies, have own movies and print our own photos. Both of us are slim, neither smokes, we do have a drink.

We enjoy having single ladies stay with us for a holiday. We live in a very quiet location. As we both prefer women as friends we invite any woman who feels she could enjoy us both to visit us for a holiday.

*A. & L.,*
*Mildura, Vic.*

**Prefer blondes** ♂

I am a bit alone since I came to Australia (four years ago). I am male, 31 years old, professional, fond of good music, concerts, the cinema, and it is a pity for me to spend my free time (weekends) alone. I realise that I need your help and that is why I am addressing you now. I am suffering from loneliness and would like to enjoy once a week or month, to share my loneliness with a good lady (20-35). If she is slim, all the better, but I do not mind about that. What I do wish is that she is Australian please. My English is quite good to make her happy as far as she wants. I would prefer she is blonde but I do not mind if she isn't. I think there is an Australian lady out there who can help me in my love. I would prefer a lady from Sydney otherwise I could not meet

her as I have no car. I am very genuine in writing this letter to you and hope you will help.

*Mr H.N.,*
*Sydney, NSW.*

**Army mate** ♀

Several years ago I went out with a nice guy in the Army and we had a lot of good times. Unfortunately he was transferred away so our friendship has ended. Now I would like to meet another Army guy based in South Australia who is free to form a friendship. He should be about 37-47 years of age.

I am 44, divorced, with a 12-year-old daughter so I do not go out much to meet other people. I smoke and drink in moderation, I love modern music, mainly country and western, and I enjoy life and what it has to offer.

*Ms B.J.,*
*Adelaide, SA.*

**Dead marriage** ♂

I am hoping to make contacts through your Soul Mates section and also to air what I think may be a general problem. I am party to a 'dead' marriage yet for the sake of the children, aged a rather vulnerable seven to 16 years, do not want to dissolve the family relationship by divorce or separation. As a family we still operate efficiently, my wife and I still performing the roles of parents with considerable respect for each other's contribution in that respect and without overtly fighting. The children would be shocked and unhappy if we disturbed this situation. Yet, as man and wife our relationship is empty.

My wife sees sex as only the outcome of a continuation of the illusion of romantic love. But she took a lover during the height of my economic and work pressures and I can no longer participate in the illusion. I have agreed that she keep up her new relationship, but discreetly. Sometimes I think I should not have done so, but ended the marriage.

Now, after 12 months, the loneliness of my position is beginning to tell. I desperately need a female friend, not only for the sexual relationship but also for sheer fun and relaxation, to go swimming together, or play tennis occasionally, enjoy the bush and sea, dinghy-sailing, dancing sometimes or film-going. If someone were understanding of my position, and were willing to engage in companionship of this kind I think I could keep my family together, at least till the children were more mature and less vulnerable.

Perhaps there are even married women in comparable situations to mine. Here is hoping.

*Mr A.W.,*
*Melbourne, Vic.*

**Old-time dancer**

I am a 5'4" tall, 31-year-old female looking for someone to go dancing with (old-time) and other social outings. I have not been out anywhere much for years and feel the need to break out of my situation. I like the water (swimming) very much.

*Ms L.S.,*
*West Sydney, NSW.*

**No sympathy or sex** ♂

I need a Soul Mate! I am approaching 40 and have been married 10 years. I have two children and a mostly happy home life. But try as I do, I have not been able to achieve the level of communication from my marriage that I would like. Sometimes I feel that it is because I married the wrong girl, or because she is not interested enough in deepening our relationship, or maybe I am too sensitive, want too much affection, or simply that I want to have my cake and eat it too! Whatever it is I am not sure and whenever I try to discuss it with my wife, she just turns off.

Maybe there is a married girl somewhere who feels somewhat trapped in the same situation as myself, who would like to correspond about it, with the ultimate aim of improving each other's marriage. Maybe we could share enough to make up for what we lack. I am not looking for sympathy or sex, but for a Soul Mate. Can you help?

*Mr A.M.,*
*Country, NSW.*

**Working people** ♀♂

We are happily married, mid-30s, have two teenagers and we have waited this long, to be game enough to try for this idea, so here goes. We are not 'swingers', I am my husband's virgin, but he has affairs, as he does a little travel in his job. I love to hear about these affairs, so I would like to see him 'in action'.

We would like an unattached female, with a

sense of humour, clean, fun loving, who would not mind a third person in on her lovemaking. We are Australian, working people, rent a flat. He likes a beer, I don't. He is a hard working Aussie, I do not work. We will never be able to buy our own home, we also do not dress in the latest fashion, or even last year's. Our only interests, besides each other, are his football, movies, watching bike or car racing, my keeping fit. We would like to see as much of this wonderful country of ours as possible, so if you live anywhere from Townsville to Geelong and like writing letters, please do.

My husband is worried he would not be able to 'perform' with me looking over his shoulder, so please write and convince him.

*Ms S.G.,*
*Mackay, Qld.*

**Shy Asian** ♂

I am pleased that your magazine has started the Soul Mates section. I am a male Asian student, 24 years old and single. I would like to meet mature women of any age for casual fun times and going out. I do not have any experience in going out with a lady as I am a little bit shy. However, I am sure I would find it easier to relate through your journal and meet a nice lady.

*Mr I.G.,*
*Sydney, NSW.*

**Young at heart** ♂

I would like to request a Soul Mate preferably in the Adelaide area. My reasons — an unhappy marriage and a feeling for good human female companionship. I love them but am having difficulty in doing so.

At my age of 57 some may say it is too late but I do not. I know I can be as young as I feel. The ability to perform is not beyond me yet. My qualifications — young in heart — comfortably off with my own business — am a musician with a preference for jazz — have been a Forum reader since you started — hold a current private pilot's licence and own my own plane.

Is there some woman out there willing to give me a try? There are complications but they could be overcome.

*Mr A.A.,*
*Adelaide, SA.*

**Beautiful world** ♀♂

We are a young-living, sensuous and very much in love couple (early 30s), slim, fit, both outdoors people — though we like to curl up with a good book and good music when the mood is right. We now live in a small community not far from Brisbane and though we socialise often, we find people around us very restricted in outlook and ideas, people who are afraid of forming honest relationships. This situation is such that one does not dare talk about any but the most mundane subject in mixed company. We are both sensitive, practical, artistic, aware of the needs of others — and of our own needs. We both have bi-sexual natures (my lady more so than I) — however the most important part of any relationship must be mutual trust and affection.

So please write, fellow Soul Mates — it is a beautiful world — let us share it.

*Mr & Mrs M. & A.,*
*South-east Qld.*

**Traveller** ♂

I have recently arrived in Sydney after travelling in various areas of the world for the last few years. I am in Sydney to study a particular postgraduate course only available here. I am 31, single, in good health, with varied interests including music, sports, interesting conversation and people. My problem is that I know very few people in this lovely city and due to pressure of study have few opportunities to meet, socially, the very attractive women that abound here.

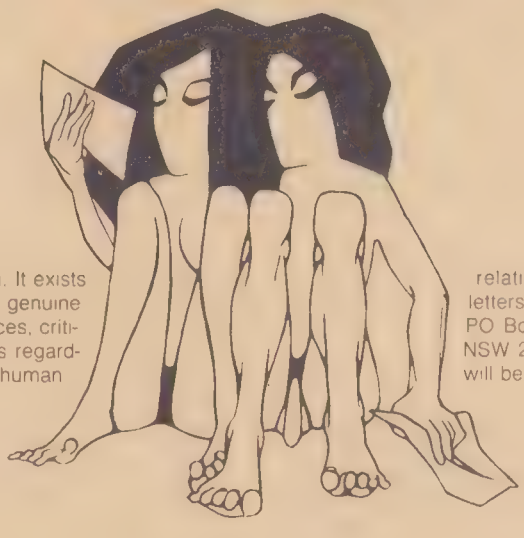
Is there a woman out there who would like to explore Sydney with me and perhaps eventually join me in travelling further afield? Ladies, a sugar daddy I am not but if you would like to meet a warm human being please write!

*Mr B.C.,*
*Sydney, NSW*

## DON'T BE SHY — WE CAN HELP YOU WRITE

If you would like to write to Soul Mates but feel foolish about expressing yourself on paper, just send Forum a letter giving details you would like included in your letter. The Editor will then compose a letter for you which includes all you want to say. So don't let bad grammar or funny spelling hold you back . . .

# OPEN FORUM



This is *your* Forum. It exists to express *your* genuine opinions, experiences, criticisms and interests regarding any aspect of human relations. Send your letters to **Open Forum** PO Box 256 Paddington NSW 2021. Your identity will be withheld

**Cystitus club** ♀

When reading the recent edition of Forum Man I was saddened by the man who suffered from Herpes. It made me realise how many people there must be who suffer from painful, chronic afflictions such as this which isolate them from the mainstream of life.

For years I have suffered from cystitis and, for the past year, have never been without the condition. Not only is it distressing for myself and my boyfriend, it has also virtually destroyed my sexuality, placed a continuous strain on our relationship and sapped my confidence in the power of the medical profession to help me. I have consulted a stream of doctors, urologists, gynaecologists, acupuncturists, naturopaths and chiropractors, all of whom think they can cure me. As time goes on and their treatments don't work I become an embarrassment and usually, as they hope, I give up.

What appals me the most is the obvious lack of knowledge or interest in this area by the medical profession or anyone else. There is a need I feel, to start a Cystitis self-help group to meet regularly to exchange information and support among chronic sufferers of this problem. If anyone living in the Brisbane area is interested in becoming part of such a group, I would very much like to hear of you through Forum.

*Ms S.F.,*
*Brisbane, Qld.*

**May-December** ♀

I am writing to you in the hope that you will publish my story. Maybe it will help others in the same position as myself.

I am 52 years old and for 18 years I was married to a wonderful man. He passed away seven years ago and this is where my story starts. For many months I was lost and lonely but finally I started to go out again. At a party one night I met a man nine years my junior. Being both lonely people we seemed to be drawn into each other's company. Brett's wife had left him some months before and he was trying to put his life back together again. After a few months we moved in together.

This was the beginning of our May-December affair. For the first few years our relationship seemed to be lovely. I mothered Brett and he in return made me feel young again. I thought I was in love with Brett and he with me. Our interests were not alike but I felt sure that with sex and caring for him I could keep him with me. After four years we started to have a few arguments and I noticed that Brett wanted to go out on his own more often. I found out that at times he was seeing other women. So one night I went out with another man. We ended up in bed together and we made love like it was going out of style. I told Brett of my one night stand saying I was sorry and that it did not mean anything to me.

We settled back into our routine and tried to forget that each of us was unhappy with our lives. Something vital was missing from our relationship. There were other men in my life but I never made the mistake of telling Brett again. Brett was a quiet person, not very interested in parties and such, whereas I loved to go out. So I had plenty of chances to have wonderful warm sex with other men.

This is what was missing in my life with Brett. Sex with us was routine. But I needed Brett to make me feel young again.

Our lives went on together with more arguments and making up. When I turned 51 he was only 42 years old. By now I was starting to show signs of age and for every year Brett aged I seemed to be ageing two years. His friends rarely came to the house and when we did go out together I started to notice the looks other couples gave us. We had a party at our home and some of Brett's friends came along. They were polite enough but I could feel the pity they felt for Brett having to live with this older woman. But my hurt was complete when I overheard two of them discussing us.

Charles and Joan had been to our home only twice before and I had no idea they felt as they did. Their remarks were such. 'Poor Brett, he is throwing his life away. He isn't even 45 yet and she looks 55. No wonder he rarely asks his friends here. He can't possibly love her.' To which Joan replied. 'Maybe he just thinks he does or maybe he wants someone to mother him. Who knows, he may be afraid of being alone so settles for what he has.' Charles' next remark hurt me the most. 'Yair, maybe your right, but do you realise by the time he is 50 she will look over 70. And what about Brett then. He'll be too old to start over again and will be saddled with an old hag he'll have to look after. Poor Brett!'

I tiptoed away feeling both hurt and angry. How dare they talk like that. But what they said was the truth. I know that now.

Brett left me 12 months ago. Thank God he had sense enough to break away when he did. I almost ruined his life. A May-December affair rarely works for any length of time. It fills a gap in the lives of lonely people but as with all things age makes the gap wider. I needed to have a good look at myself and Brett's friends unknowingly made me do this. I don't know if Brett ever realised that his friends only felt pity for him. They treated me okay when he was with me, but I know now, they were laughing at us behind our backs. Brett is still young enough to make his life happy with a woman more his age. As for me I am going out with a man two years my senior. We have a warm relationship that may soon develop into something more.

I am writing this in the hope that it may help other men like Brett. Men who drift into a May-December affair out of loneliness in the mistaken belief that they are in love.

If he has any doubts at all he owes it to himself and the woman concerned to get out before it is too late. Give her a chance to find someone else to spend her life with. Remember that it is easier for her to find another mate when she is 50 instead of 55. The longer he takes to make the break the harder it is for her to find someone else. So listen to a woman who has experienced this situation and act before it is too late.

*Ms T.M.*
*Melbourne, Vic.*

**No bogie man ♂**

I have just read the interview with Bettina Arndt conducted by The Advertiser. Most of what you say about men I fully agree with. Children of both sexes seem to have an awareness of their own sensitivities, and contact with their own emotions and feelings which are frequently lost or replaced by over-valued 'adult' games. Men especially, because of the 'masculine directive', lose contact with these aspects of themselves. Boys are expected to be masculine, insensitive, tough, no sticks and stones will break their bones! While girls are expected by society to be feminine, masochistic and passive. Both are two-dimensional stereotypes which deny aspects of the human being within. So many people have feelings of low self worth because they are unable to live in these stifling boxes, yet feel bad because they fall short of the societal ideal. Men and women do have an incredible amount in common, not as 'men' and 'women' but as individual human beings.

For myself: When I was about five, I completely withdrew away from any physical contact when my father said to my mother in front of me, 'Stop cuddling the child, you're making a sissy out of him'. For many, many years I hated myself for always falling short of the 'masculine directive' (as my own father did). Until last year I would complete freeze (so that I couldn't feel anything) to the mildest peck on the cheek.

My parents were no better or worse than most parents and certainly better than some. It is useless to blame the past as I feel it is the responsibility of the grown child to make changes if they so wish. As a 25-year-old man, but more importantly, as a sensitive human being, I realise that I love being affectionate. I like being cuddled, fondled, tickled, playful, confronted, able to cry on someone's shoulder if I feel that need. But as I enjoy receiving and being felt appreciated I also enjoy giving in return to make that significant other person feel appreciated. It is a give and take thing. As sex should be too.

High expectations, ideals and fantasies are pedestals, and pedestals, like stereotypes which they resemble in every way, have a built-in design fault. They are designed to be fallen short of and have very little to do with reality. Which is what sexuality is about, people being people, with the elements of trust, honesty and the ability to be yourself, strong, weak and at times vulnerable towards another human being. Expectations of satisfying orgasms, high performance ability etc. are pedestals and make no allowance for the human being. Sex, to me is a mutual thing, there is no clear cut male/female role. Man can make love to woman and woman to man, and that is the way it should be.

I am sentimental, I like flowers and nature's beauty, I cry if I feel like it, or am touched deeply by something, but I am no romantic. I do admit however, like most men I have more to work through with other men than with women — and I do not refer to that bloody bogie man — homosexuality fears.

*Mr A.C.,*
*Adelaide, SA.*

HEALTH & NUTRITION

For our regular series on health and nutrition, this month we present:

# PREPARING FOR THE COLDS & FLU SEASON

This is the time of year when you start thinking of spring everytime the sun comes out — and about packing up and moving to Bali every time one of those sunny days is followed by a cold spell or a full week of icy rain.

Your heart and mind may be firmly planted in warmer places, but your respiratory system has to endure the dampness, the wind, and the cold.

Those nasty little bugs, bacteria and viruses, love to get us when our defences are down. And nothing gets our defences down like one of those dreary cold days with a puddle on every corner. So the general idea is to get those defences up from the inside. To do this, there are three nutrients that are particularly important: Vitamin C, Vitamin A and zinc.

By now everyone is tired of the controversy over whether or not Vitamin C prevents colds. Actually, the controversy is simply created by doctors, nutritionists, and journalists who are not aware of the scientific evidence. There really is no controversy: Vitamin C does help the body combat infection, including colds and flu.

A Canadian epidemiologist, Terence Anderson, MD and PhD, set out to disprove Linus Pauling's contention that Vitamin C could help reduce illness of colds and flu. In his first study, over 800 people were given either one gram daily of Vitamin C or a placebo.

During the first three days of any illness, they quadrupled the dose. After 14 weeks, frequency of illness, total days of illness and number of days confined to the house were measured. The Vitamin C group had seven per cent fewer days of illness, 30 per cent less disability (days confined) than the people who were taking a placebo.

A subsequent trial by Anderson achieved a 25 per cent reduction in the days of disability. While these studies do not prove that Vitamin C prevents colds, they do reveal an undeniable benefit in helping the body beat colds into submission.

The lymphocytes (the white blood cells responsible for fighting off infection), require Vitamin C for their activity. But cigarette smoking and stress causes white blood cell levels of Vitamin C to fall. So chasing the bus through the slush, working

too hard, partying into the wee hours, or just worrying about winter can be enough stress to depress your lymphocite Vitamin C levels low enough to leave you more vulnerable to an infection. Extra Vitamin C in your diet can not only restore these levels, but also boost the infection-fighting activities of the cells.

Vitamin C also boosts the body's production of interferon, a substance which fights virus infection by rendering the virus unable to reproduce. Interferon also stimulates the macrophages, large cells which devour invading cells. One gram of Vitamin C given to healthy young medical students was enough to increase blood levels of the body's four most important antibodies.

Studies all over the world have demonstrated Vitamin C's ability to help fight a whole range of infections more serious than colds. Japanese doctors have found Vitamin C in high doses to be effective against hepatitis, measles, mumps, viral pneumonia, herpes zoster, herpes facialis, stomatitis apthosa and certain types of meningitis. Australian studies demonstrated that Vitamin C not only enhances the effect of some antibiotics, but that it also enables certain antibiotics to kill bacteria they otherwise could not.

Vitamin A is also crucial to the body's defences against infection. Among animals deprived of Vitamin A, the most frequent cause of death is infection. That should give you an idea how important Vitamin A is in fighting colds and flu. The body's first line of defence against infection is the lining of the membranes of the respiratory tract, genito-urinary tract, mouth and gastrointestinal tract, eyes, endocrine system, and salivary, lacrimal and sebaceous glands. If there is not enough Vitamin A in your diet, these membranes dry out and allow the invading organism to take hold and multiply.

Several experiments with animals and humans have repeatedly demonstrated Vitamin A's role in fighting off infection. People suffering from various bacterial, fungal and viral infections were found to have lower than normal blood levels of Vitamin A. And invariably, animals injected with lethal infectious organisms — such as those causing pneumonia and meningitis — fared better when they are also given extra Vitamin A. In one such study, the blood of the animals given extra Vitamin A was still sterile after the other animals had been killed by the infection.

Zinc is the third nutrient that should be part of your nutritional arsenal against winter illness. There are, as yet, no studies that demonstrate that adding extra zinc to the diet can reduce the disability of colds and flu. But zinc is necessary to the proper function of the immune system. When zinc is under supplied, susceptibility to infection increases.

The problem is that many doctors and nutritional researchers believe that many otherwise well nourished people are marginally deficient in zinc. Deficiencies in zinc have been found in large numbers of infants, pre-school and school-age children, teenage and college women, pregnant women, vegetarians and the elderly. Hospital and college dining hall meals have often been found to be deficient in zinc, too. These and a number of other factors such as food processing, stress and pollution add up to the possibility that you are not getting enough zinc in your diet to help protect you against infection.

Besides fitting more Vitamin C, Vitamin A and zinc into your diet, you might want to consider some old fashioned aids that could help, too. Whenever I came down with a cold my mother would make a very simple onion soup which devastated my social life, but did a lot for clearing up my cold. Do not ask me why it works. Also do not abandon the time-honoured remedy, chicken soup. Do not laugh. Some medical researchers discovered that the stuff actually does have anti-infection properties. Do not ask them why, either.

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Nick Bosco is currently working on a comprehensive book on vitamins and minerals, to be published this spring by Contemporary Books, Chicago.

Pregnancy is not the only reason you stop having periods. Menstruation can be affected by a variety of other causes as this personal story by Nancy Trachtenberg shows:

# AMENORRHOEA

A trail of clothes led from the couch to Scott's bed. Love scent wafted through the room. Scott and I had just made love. We had that special afterglow, obtainable only from great sex. There were practical considerations, however. Suddenly his big brown eyes caught mine. Nonchalantly he asked, 'What protection do you use?'

'I don't,' I answered.

'Be serious,' he countered, still smiling. 'What do you use, a diaphragm?'

'Nope.'

He started to panic. 'An IUD? The Pill?'

I was getting uptight. 'I don't need anything,' I said. 'I have amenorrhoea. I do not get my period, so you have nothing to worry about. Okay?'

Then he reached for my hand in a way that I knew meant he cared.

'I am sorry,'

he said. 'I did not realise . . .' 'Hey, it is convenient,' I interrupted, cheerfully. 'I have built-in 100 per cent effective birth control. Besides my life is not interrupted by the "curse". No "friend" to make me blue, or give me cramps. Think of all the money I save by not having to buy

tampons. Amenorrhoea may just be a blessing.'

In spite of my pro-amenorrhoea address, Scott seemed upset. Showing real concern, he asked if I had seen any doctors. I had, of course, when the amenorrhoea first started — or should I say stopped. They would give me a battery of blood tests, to check my hormone levels. Then, just as I would be getting over feeling like a human pincushion, I would be on my back with my feet two yards apart in stirrups, with a masked gynaecologist's hand disappearing in and out of me.

I had always felt left out when the gynaecologist and nurse stood at my feet, looking at me inside out and discussing the site. Soon, though, it would be my turn to talk to the doctor. Lucky me! He would ask questions like, 'How is your sex life?' or 'Do you have a sex drive?' Just what I wanted to discuss with a stranger. And after all that, the results were always, 'We cannot find anything clinically wrong with you. When you gain weight, your period will come back. Now be a good girl and treat yourself to a milkshake.'

But I had not wanted to gain weight. Before I was so skinny, I used to feel like a tub of lard, but I knew I became more graceful with every ounce I lost.

No wonder thin was in. The thinner I became the more I liked it. Clothes fit me better. Everyone asked me for diet tips, as if my being thin meant I was hip to some super health secret.

But it had not been easy for me to stay so slender. I really had to work hard at it. I was better trained than any of Pavlov's dogs. I felt guilty for looking at, or even craving, scrumptious fattening foods. I tried hard to stick to a well-balanced, very low-calorie diet. If I did cheat, I always took extra exercise, although I consistently ran at least six miles a day anyway. Being so fit was my self-made solution (and rationalisation) for having amenorrhoea. 'How bad could not getting my period be if I could be so thin and physically fit?' I had always thought.

When I told Scott all this he said, 'No one says you have to become a cow, but why not gain just a little, so you are normal?' This was a conversation I was sick of — I had been through it more times than ice cream has calories. So I just gave Scott a long kiss, which was the start of a more pleasurable subject for him.

But this time our lovemaking was different for me. My mind was miles away. I think he could tell I was upset, and was sort of relieved because he was tired anyway. All I could think was, 'That bastard lying next to me made me think something was wrong with me, like I am some kind of freak.'

I was hurt and mad, but then the anger turned to fright. Was I sick? If I was, I was very sick, because I had had amenorrhoea for six years. In that time I had ceased thinking of it as a sickness; it was part of my life. Everyone I ever told that to thought it was strange, but it's easy to forget about your period if you do not get it. Was I wrong for having adjusted to it?

After hours of brooding in bed, I got an optismistic thought. Yes, there was hope: If I wanted to change, I could; every doctor had told me my amenorrhoea was reversible. All I had to do was put on a few extra pounds.

But what if it was not? What if I could never menstruate or ever get pregnant? Not that I wanted to have children, but I hated not being able to. 'It is my decision,' I said out loud.

Scott stirred, but did not wake up. Suddenly the unpleasant possibility became all too clear — I was sterile! I cried myself to sleep.

The next day I went shopping with Janet. She was just about to buy a dynamite pair of white pants when she said, 'With my luck, the first night I wear them, I'll get "it." You are so lucky you do not have to worry about that.'

'You really think so?' I asked with some bitterness. Then I told her about the night before.

'Hey relax!' Janet said. 'It is a great sign that you are even worrying about it. Why

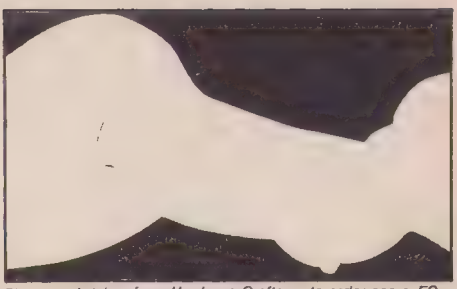
not go to my gynaecologist. She is young and understanding. I can really talk to her and I bet you can too.' At three o'clock that afternoon I was in the gynaecologist's waiting room.

Intuitively, I liked Dr Goodwin. Going to a female gynaecologist appealed to me. Then came the blood and urine tests.

'I have good news,' she said when she was done. 'Our tests indicate that there is nothing seriously wrong with you. Menstruation is a complex physiological process and amenorrhoea is surprisingly common. Few woman are precisely regular because there are so many ways to throw off the cycle — stress, improper diet, change of climate, just to name a few. Amenorrhoea can also be related to a chronic illness, undernourishment, a hormone imbalance, certain drugs, some types of vaginal dysfunctions or obesity. But we checked for that and you do not have any of those problems.' Then with a smile, she added, 'Medical studies are now going on to link amenorrhoea to lack of body fat, and I think that's applicable in your case.'

She explained to me that, in general, women are fatter than men because of their reproductive requirements. We need fat to make babies. Women weigh less, because fat is lighter than muscle, which men have more of. The average young woman is 25 per cent fat, while men are approximately 15 per cent fat. When women's body fat drops below 13 per cent they often get amenorrhoea.

'Read this,' Dr Goodwin said to me, handing me a reprint from an article about amenorrhoea that had appeared in *The New York Times*. It read: 'This phenomenon (amenorrhoea) was brought to the attention of doctors by the increasing number of women athletes. As more women participate in super-fat-burning sports like running, skiing, skating and dancing, the incidence of amenorrhoea rises. "It is almost as if their bodies were saying they did not have enough fat to support a pregnancy, so it would be better not to provide eggs at



*Photograph taken from Hardcore Crafts — to order see p 50*

all," said Dr Joan Ullyot, the chief of the aerobics division of the Institute of Health Research.'

Dr Goodwin pointed out to me that fat has a lot to do with the production of hormones in the body. Amenorrhoea can mean that your body is not producing enough oestrogen (the hormone largely responsible for the development and maintenance of the female sexual characteristics) or a failure to secrete progesterone (the hormone that prepares the lining of the uterus for pregnancy).

Failure to secrete these essential hormones can cause many different problems, she told me. For instance, it could result in a lack of vaginal lubrication when a woman becomes excited, which can lead to pain during intercourse. I told Dr Goodwin that, yes, I did have that problem often, but I had found ways around it.

Another problem, she said, is that there may be some connection between a lack of these hormones and vaginal cancer. 'There is no direct evidence of a link yet,' she explained to me, 'but the incidence of vaginal cancer is low among women during their young and fertile years, when natural oestrogen levels are high. It's more often found in women in menopause. But if vaginal cancer is related to a lack of oestrogen, and if a young woman has a low oestrogen level, cancer is a greater threat to her because it will spread faster, since young cells reproduce more quickly.'

Even though I was there in her office, I still felt ambivalent about whether I really wanted to 'cure' myself of amenorrhoea. Then she hit me with the clincher.

'You know,' she said, 'you can get pregnant with amenorrhoea.' Her words, spoken in a low voice, went through me like a knife. She continued, 'It happens to women with amenorrhoea all the time. They think they cannot get pregnant, so they do not use any contraception. But, in fact, the amenorrhoea can stop, and they can ovulate, at any time. They just do not know when to expect it. And then, since they are not used to having their periods anyway, they often do not know they are pregnant until an abortion is really dangerous, or out of the question altogether.'

By now my eyes were wide as saucers. 'I hope you have been using some form of birth control,' Dr Goodwin said, studying me closely.

'No. No, I have not. But I'm going to start. You better believe I'm going to start.' I took in a deep breath. 'In fact, I definitely want to get my cycle straightened out.'

'Good,' she said. 'I've got to tell you, though, that the chance of permanent infertility from amenorrhoea is always greater for women like you who haven't already had a child.'

She must have caught my crestfallen look, because she then said, 'But look, try not to worry. Amenorrhoea associated with low body fat is almost always a temporary condition. In most cases, when the woman gains a little weight, the normal menstrual cycle comes back like clockwork.

'The main problem for some women,' she continued, 'is that the weight loss, and the resulting amenorrhoea, is a psychological problem. For many women, it represents a subconscious attempt to deny their sexuality, even their womanliness. They lose weight, striving to achieve a skinny, child-like body. Then they get amenorrhoea. Their hormone level drops, and so does their sex drive, which suits them just fine, since guilt feelings about sex may have been what started the whole thing in the first place. It is a good way for them to avoid dealing with sex. They just take themselves right out of the market.'

I started to object, that certainly was not true in my case. But then I thought about it. I remembered that I had always been somewhat sceptical when girlfriends of mine talked about the intensity of their need for sex. Whenever they would talk about their horniness, I was sure they were exaggerating. For me, sex had always been nice. But if it was not there, I could easily live without it. Sometimes, though, when they would talk like that, I would be wondering if they were telling the truth. And if they were, then I was definitely missing something.

But lately, there had been Scott. And since I had known him, I had felt the beginnings of a lot of things in me I had not felt before, which seemed to fit in with what Dr Goodwin said next. 'You have had amenorrhoea for six years now. If it was originally caused, in your case, by subliminal motivations you had six years ago which caused you to want to be so skinny, you may have outgrown them by now.' I certainly hoped so. I am 27 years old now.

'What should I do, doctor?' I asked.

'Easy,' she said. 'Eat a balanced diet and avoid stress. But above all, the key to restoring your period is gaining weight. Commit yourself to gaining just enough weight so that you start menstruating again.'

There was a long silence. 'Okay, I will do it,' I said.

Although I now wanted to gain weight, I was petrified of becoming a fatso. At first, I panicked with each new pound. Finally I said to myself, I know what I want and I am going to get it. After a few pounds I needed a bigger bra size. Terrific! Scott loved my new curves. But more important, something was reawakened in me. I felt sexy. Scott noticed my new zest for sex. Our sexual relationship kept improving, and it got more intense than I ever imagined it could.

I didn't know if it was psychosomatic or not, but I started getting headaches and bouts of depression. Then I got pimples. My mother, thinking she recognised the signs, was delighted. Every time I saw her she gave me another box of tampons.

The only thing that was getting me

through these crazy times was Scott. He was so supportive. In the course of time, I was not only doing this for me but also for him. I knew I wanted to be in the best possible shape for him. I wanted to be all I could.

One evening we watched a magnificent sunset together, and I thought about how well my life was going. 'So this is contentment,' I said to myself as I watched the red ball of the sun dramatically sink into the water. A mystical calm came over me. Then I started to feel cramps. I knew I had my period. It was one of the most beautiful experiences of my life.

Two days later, I had mixed emotions about the whole subject. 'It is a bloody mess,' I complained to my mother. I was relieved about not having amenorrhoea, but I wasn't used to the inconveniences of menstruation either.

But sex — now that was another story! I was obsessed with it in a way I had never been before.

'I knew you had it in you,' he once said while we were discussing the ways I had changed, 'and that is what I was waiting for.'

'I'm glad you did,' I said in earnest.

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Nancy Trachtenberg is a freelance writer who specialises in health, sports, travel and personality profiles. She has written for *The New York Times, New York Magazine, Gentlemen's Quarterly, Travel and Leisure,* and *Seventeen.*

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**Nancy's story is just one example of a cessation of periods. There are in fact many different reasons for amenorrhoea and so we asked one of our medical consultants to fill in the gaps. She will discuss secondary amenorrhoea, where the woman has menstruated before, and primary amenorrhoea where menstruation has failed to commence:**

## SECONDARY AMENORRHOEA

When a woman complains that her periods have stopped, the first thing her doctor will think of is, of course, pregnancy. I can remember being taught in medical school that 'all women with secondary amenorrhoea are pregnant until proved otherwise'. That statement is a bit glib, but in every case of amenorrhoea (primary or secondary) it is important to exclude or confirm pregnancy before considering other causes. This is easily done; first by asking whether it is a possibility, and then by physical examination and blood or urine testing.

Having excluded pregnancy, other causes of amenorrhoea can be sought. Sometimes the answer is suggested by associated history, symptoms and signs, but often the diagnosis is not easy. Nancy Trachtenberg's story accurately describes the amenorrhoea of anorexia nervosa. This illness most commonly occurs in young women soon after they begin to put on their adolescent 'puppy fat'. About one in 150 girls is affected, and the ratio of women to men is 15 to 1. Psychiatrists explain that the anorexia (lack of appetite) stems from a need to achieve and maintain a low and immature body weight. This requires severe and sustained control over the natural desire to eat. There is extreme restriction of all food intake, especially of carbohydrates. Marathon bursts of exercise (like Nancy's 'extra' on top of her regular daily run of six miles) are used to counter the fattening effect of any food eaten.

This behaviour is thought to provide an emotional solution to an adolescent dilemma. It reflects a maturational conflict within the adolescent and her family for which there are no other means of coping. The perception of growth and fatness in relation to sexuality is central to this conflict.

Girls with anorexia nervosa are often very secretive about their diet and exercise habits. They will often deny that they don't eat well, and may take great pains to be seen to eat in company, after which they deliberately vomit and purge themselves with huge doses of laxatives. This denial

may make diagnosis very difficult. Starvation results in disturbances of metabolism and hormone production. An early manifestation of the latter is the cessation of menstruation. There seems to be a 'menstrual threshold weight' below which periods cease, and this threshold increases gradually with age.

Anorexia nervosa is the only illness likely to produce amenorrhoea for as long as six years in a woman with no other physical illness. As the doctors have pointed out to Nancy, this amenorrhoea is usually reversible by regaining the menstrual threshold weight.

**Crash Diets and Amenorrhoea**

Women of any age may stop menstruating when they go on crash diets and lose 10 kg or more in a few months. As Lucienne Lanson says in her book *Woman to Woman,* 'Crash diets which transcend the bounds of sanity can bring your periods to a screeching halt.' With the return of sensible eating habits, menstruation is usually re-established, unless the stabilised body weight is less than the menstrual threshold weight for that particular woman. There are some other cases of amenorrhoea worth mentioning:

**Change of Lifestyle**

Many women will experience brief episodes of amenorrhoea after a change of lifestyle. The change could be something such as a new job, travelling, going on night duty or merely moving house. Periods usually recur spontaneously after a couple of months. A common phenomenon is the amenorrhoea which occurs when young women leave the family home for the first time to go to live in a communal, all female environment, such as a boarding school, a nursing home or a university college. Periods may cease for a few months up to a year or more. As periods resume in these girls living together, they will often all menstruate during the same week of the month; their menstrual cycles have become synchronised.

The reasons for amenorrhoea in response to change of lifestyle are not well understood. It seems plausible that influences from the external environment can affect fertility. Internally, the menstrual cycle is controlled by that part of the unconscious mind which regulates instinctual behaviour and body rhythms. This control is mediated by hormones. Hormones are chemicals produced in one part of the body which travel in the blood to affect the function of distant parts. Reproductive function is controlled by a delicate and finely balanced interaction between the hormones produced by the brain, the pituitary gland and the ovary.

We are now becoming aware that animals also produce chemicals which affect other animals. These are called pheromones. They work mainly (we think) through the sense of smell, and are thought to be of prime importance in reproductive and sexual function. Perhaps it is the lack of male pheromones in all-female living quarters which accounts for amenorrhoea in these circumstances. Single-sex boarding schools which become co-ed may be a source of some interesting research statistics.

**Emotional Disturbances**

Most women know that emotional disturbances such as anxiety, depression and grief can cause missed periods. This type of amenorrhoea is usually brief: the menstrual cycle resumes when emotional harmony is restored.

Other causes of amenorrhoea:-

**Polycystic Ovaries**

At the beginning of each menstrual cycle a number of ova in each ovary begin to develop. This process is controlled by the follicle-stimulating hormone produced by the pituitary gland. As each egg matures, it becomes surrounded by an inner layer of cells which secrete fluid to surround the egg, and an outer layer of cells which secrete oestrogen into the blood. The final product is a cystic structure about 1 cm in diameter called an ovarian follicle. Usually only one follicle per cycle reaches full maturity and ruptures to release an egg. This latter event is triggered by another

pituitary hormone, the luteinizing hormone. After ovulation, the remaining unruptured follicles degenerate and are absorbed.

Sometimes, if ovulation is not triggered, the regular sequence of cyclic events goes haywire. More follicles are stimulated to develop, and existing follicles continue to produce fluid and oestrogen. Soon both ovaries become a mass of small fluid-filled cysts, and the blood concentration of oestrogen skyrockets. At this stage, there is often excessive irregular menstrual bleeding. Later, the pressure of the fluid in the cysts suppresses oestrogen production, so that there is a relative lack of the hormone, and amenorrhoea occurs.

Women with this condition will often complain of excessive weight gain and the development of superfluous facial hair. These two symptoms appear during the stage of high oestrogen production because some of this hormone is converted to masculinising testosterone. This process is rarely sufficient to cause more extreme masculinising effects such as deepening of the voice, balding or overgrowth of the clitoris.

The complex of amenorrhoea, polycystic ovaries and mild masculinisation is known as the Stein-Leventhal syndrome. It can usually be successfully treated by hormones and/or surgery.

**Amenorrhoea While Taking The Pill**

Occasionally a woman will not have any periods while taking the Pill. This happens because her response to that particular combination of hormones is to build up a very delicate lining of the uterus. With this small amount of tissue, no bleeding occurs when the lining is shed during the 'week off' the Pill. Some women are quite happy with this state of affairs, as long as they can be sure that the Pill has not failed. Others feel uncertain about pregnancy, or 'wrong' or 'abnormal' without periods. They prefer to change to a Pill which allows them to see a period each month.

**Amenorrhoea After Ceasing Oral Contraceptives**

Some women who stop taking the Pill will find that the next period is a bit late, perhaps a few weeks. A smaller number of women will not resume ovulation and menstruation for some months. About one in 200 will have amenorrhoea for more than two years after stopping the Pill.

This tends to happen more often (but not exclusively) among women whose cycles were long and irregular before starting the Pill. It used to be thought that the longer you took the Pill, the greater the likelihood of post-Pill amenorrhoea. This is now disproven. If the Pill is going to disturb your natural cycle, half a packet will do it just as easily as taking it for 10 years. If a woman was fertile before taking the Pill, and her post-Pill infertility is due to failure to ovulate, this can now be successfully treated in most cases.

Resumption of ovulation after stopping the Pill is unpredictable. Many an unplanned pregnancy has occurred because women wrongly believed that they would be 'safe' for some months. Seventy per cent of women conceive within three months of the last packet of Pills.

**Amenorrhoea During Lactation**

Menstruation is uncommon during the early months of breast feeding. Another pituitary hormone, prolactin, which stimulates milk secretion, also suppresses the ovaries. Periods often return when there is a change in the pattern of lactation; e.g. when reducing the number of nursings per day, or when solid foods are introduced to the baby. Regular menstruation usually returns within a few weeks of weaning. Contraception should be used while breast feeding whether or not periods have returned.

**A Few Rare Causes of Amenorrhoea**

Prolactin is sometimes produced in excess in women who are not breast feeding. This may be due to a disturbance of the control of the pituitary or, more rarely, to a tumour of the pituitary. Any woman who develops amenorrhoea and milk secretion independent of pregnancy must be thoroughly investigated.

Any severe prolonged illness may disturb reproductive function. In such cases

it is usually obvious that the amenorrhoea is secondary to the primary illness. Menstruation maturity and potential fertility. Many people see it also as a symbol of adult femininity. In some cultures menstruation is believed to cleanse and purify the body and soul; a 'good' menstrual flow is thought to be essential to good health. Most women with amenorrhoea feel a bit odd and different, and feel more 'normal' when periods resume. Fortunately, this usually happens spontaneously or as a result of treatment.

**PRIMARY AMENORRHOEA**

A girl who has never menstruated although she has reached the usual age of puberty has 'primary' amenorrhoea. This is usually due to:

**Delayed Puberty**

In the vast majority of cases the delay is temporary and is consistent with good health. Just as all the peaches on one tree do not ripen at the one time, so all girls do not reach sexual maturity at the same age.

The most usual age of puberty is 13 years, but the range among healthy girls extends from nine to 21 years. Some five per cent of all girls will not have their first menstruation until after the age of 16.

Most young women (and their mothers) become worried if they have not had a period by their 15th birthday. If a girl is well nourished, in good general health, continuing to grow in height and weight, and showing some signs of secondary sexual development, she may be reassured that almost certainly she is just a 'late bloomer'. The secondary sexual characteristics to look for are breast development, widening of the hips, genital maturation and the appearance of pubic and underarm hair. (Stages of adolescent genital development were described fully in Vol. 6 No. 2)

What should be done for these girls? In most cases — nothing. It is important to exclude the possibility of pregnancy, and to make sure that the vaginal canal is open to the exterior. An imperforate hymen may hold back several months of menstrual flow before causing any symptoms.

When primary amenorrhoea is due to delayed puberty, all that is needed for a 'cure' is time and patience, and sympathetic reassurance that all is normal.

Other causes of primary amenorrhoea:

These are all rare, and usually associated with other symptoms and signs which call for attention before amenorrhoea is noticed.

**Pituitary Causes**

If the pituitary gland fails to function, or is damaged or destroyed, the ovaries will not be stimulated at puberty, and there will be no sexual development. Other signs of pituitary failure will be only too obvious; — lack of growth and disturbed thyroid function.

**Ovarian Causes**

Girls born without ovaries or with unresponsive ovaries will not show any signs of pubertal development. Ovaries may be destroyed during childhood by disease or irradiation.

**Other genital abnormalities**

Congenital absence of the uterus or vagina is a rare occurrence in a girl with normal ovaries. Imperforate hymen is less rare. These conditions are easily detected on examination.

**Chromosomal Abnormalities**

About 1 in 500 people have chromosomal abnormalities which can produce a variety of disorders including amenorrhoea. Examples include hermaphrodism where the person has a complete pair of both male and female chromosomes and pseudohermaphrodism which is caused by exposure of the mother to masculinising hormones before birth.

**Other illness**

Gross malnutrition, malignancies, endocrine disorders, severe anaemia, kidney or liver failure and chronic infection may all prevent normal pubertal development, with failure to begin to menstruate as a secondary consequence. Cure or reversal of the primary illness will allow normal sexual maturation.

Our medical consultant is Dr Sue Hepburn, a specialist in contraception and fertility control now in private practice in Sydney.

# Getting Together

**Forum readers in each state have organised Forum Social Clubs which meet regularly to attend lectures and other educational evenings, and to give Forum readers the opportunity to meet each other at social gatherings.**

**Details of the various activities of each club can be obtained by contacting the following addresses. The various clubs have differing rules regarding membership and all enquiries should be addressed to the club in your area. There are no clubs in the areas not included below:**

## New South Wales

Sydney
The next meeting of the Sydney club is on 15th June at 8.00 pm at Sir Reginald Murphy Community Hall, 17 Greenknowe Ave., Potts Point. Psychologist, Dr Fred Orr, will talk on 'sexual assertiveness: or how Romeo (or Juliet) can progress from the bucolic bushes to the bustling bedside'. Inquiries: GPO Box 560, Sydney, NSW 2001.

Sydney Western Suburbs
PO Box 437,
Blacktown 2148

Newcastle
PO Box 226,
Newcastle 2300
or telephone Tom 63 4771

## Victoria

Melbourne
PO Box 175,
Hawthorn 3122
or telephone 819 2920
or 473 3205 (a.h.)

Geelong
PO Box 369
Belmont 3216

## South Australia

Adelaide
GPO Box 1597,
Adelaide 5001

## Northern Territory

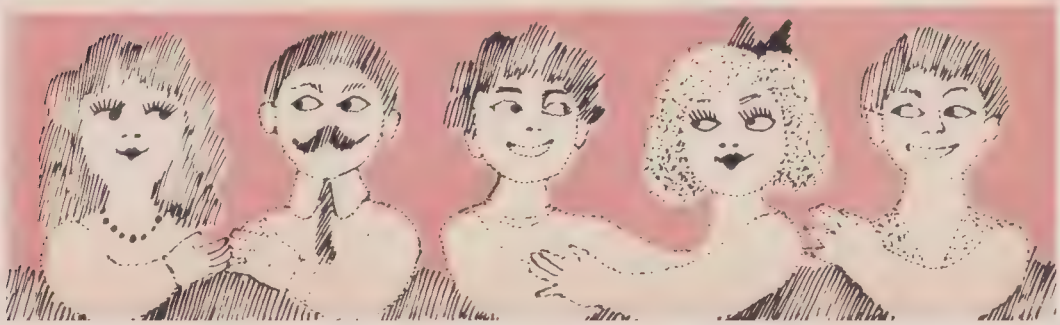
Darwin
PO Box 2552,
Darwin 5794

## Queensland

Brisbane
PO Box 123,
Broadway 4000
or telephone Len or
Audrey on 358 3428

## Western Australia

Perth
GPO Box G403,
Perth 6001
or telephone Judy
444 3258, Danny 293 1455
or Sue 341 3683



# FORUM ADVISER

Readers are invited to submit genuine inquiries regarding any aspect of human relations to our panel of expert consultants. We regret that consultants cannot reply privately. Send your letter to Forum Adviser, PO Box 256 Paddington NSW 2021 for answer in these columns. Your identity will be withheld.

**Breasts shrank** ♀

I am a 25-year-old wife and mother, and I am generally considered attractive. I suppose my problem is a common one, but I have never really seen much information about it.

Before I was pregnant, my breasts were two nice firm little handfuls (34B) my husband liked to look at and fondle, and I liked showing them off in thin tops with no bra. After I stopped nursing about a year ago, they shrank down to absolutely nothing and now I am flat as a board and have to wear thick pads in my bra to have even small 'breasts'. My husband and I accept my washboard front, but we wonder what makes some women deflate like this. I realise it has something to do with nursing, but what exactly causes it?

Also, my breasts (such as they are) still leak milk or something during foreplay or when he sucks my nipples. Is it really milk, and will it dry up completely eventually?

There must be other women in my position who would appreciate this information, too. I would appreciate very much any advice you could offer.

*Ms L.A.,*
*Sydney, NSW.*

*Most women who nurse do not experience as great a change in breast size as you describe. Actually, changes in the breasts*

*are not so much the result of nursing, but of the pregnancy that went before. The most frequent kind of alteration is that the breasts are not so erect and firm as they were before.*

*Breasts are composed of three kinds of tissue: Glandular tissue, which produces the milk, fatty tissue, and the muscular supporting structure. Significant changes in size either way are usually the result of changes in the amount of fatty tissue present. The other two kinds of tissue do not change much except in actively nursing mothers; and then the change is more often a temporary increase, not a decrease.*

*You do not mention if you lost a lot of weight since being pregnant; if so, this could account for your decrease in breast size.*

*You also fail to mention whether or not your periods have returned to normal. If they have not, this plus the changes in your breasts suggest that you have some endocrine imbalance. It would be a good idea to discuss this with the doctor who delivered your baby.*

*As far as the continued flow of milk is concerned, you might have stopped nursing your child a year ago, but you are still nursing your husband. The stimulus that produces mother's milk is suckling — it doesn't make any difference who does the nursing. As a matter of fact, women who have not had babies in years can be stimulated to produce milk. Your milk probably won't dry up if your husband continues to suckle you during foreplay.*

## The right places ♂

My wife is 25 and I am 30. We have been married six years and have two children. My wife only recently became orgasmic.

Our trouble is that my wife cannot come during intercourse. She has no trouble climaxing during foreplay or any other time as long as I use my fingers. She says that the right places are not touched during intercourse, but during foreplay, my fingers do their work well.

We talk to each other during intercourse to try and find good positions and that certain place that she needs to climax. But after lots of different positions and an hour's worth of trying, it's always back to 'Let your fingers do the walking'.

We also have another problem. I always climax pretty fast the first time, within five or ten minutes. The second time, however, I can last for up to 45 minutes or more, but she still says that since I'm not touching the right place, she's not getting much excitement or pleasure out of it. And we go back to the finger method.

Whose fault is this? What is the best position for us to try? Do you think this problem is because my wife has not been having orgasms for that long (about two months)? Please give us some suggestions.

*Mr C.M.,*
*Adelaide, SA.*

*Congratulations to your wife on becoming orgasmic! For many women, this takes patience, persistence and practice. And you both deserve credit for the high level of trust in your relationship and your ability to communicate effectively.*

*But according to you, your wife is not orgasming in the 'right' way — that is, during intercourse. Your expectation appears to be not only demanding, it is based upon the assumption that women ought to climax in response to intercourse. This is not necessarily true. Shere Hite found that only about 30 per cent of the women in her sample came through penile thrusting alone, and that the vast majority of women need other kinds of stimulation.*

*The vagina has relatively few nerve endings. The true sex organ and pleasure centre for a woman is the clitoris, and during intercourse the clitoris receives only*

*indirect (and usually insufficient) stimulation. In a way, expecting her to orgasm through intercourse is like her expecting you to ejaculate while she rubs her clitoris against your scrotum!*

*It is possible for women to orgasm during intercourse, if the clitoris is stimulated. Some women grind the clitoris against their partner's pubic bone, or stimulate themselves manually. It is often easier for a woman to get the clitoral stimulation she needs to orgasm if she is on top, where she can control the contact and move more easily. you might try some positions that would allow you to stimulate her clitoris during intercourse, such as side-by-side rear entry.*

*It is possible, of course, that your wife is part of the 30 per cent of women who will orgasm in response to penile thrusting; and that she simply has not had enough time to learn this yet. Kinsey found that the longer women were married, the more likely they were to orgasm during intercourse. You can help her to learn this by stimulating her to the point of orgasm, and entering her then, so that she learns to associate the feeling of orgasm with the sensation of your penis in her vagina.*

*I think the most important thing for you to realise, and remember, is that no one should have to live up to other people's expectations of their sexual responses. Libido is highly individual, and whatever works for your wife and you, is right for you as a couple. The purpose of sex is to enjoy yourselves, not to meet arbitrary standards.*

**What is an orgasm?** ♀

I am 20 years old and in good health, and have a little problem. My boyfriend and I have been heavy lovers for just over a year now. I never had orgasms until I moved out of my parents' house, got my own place and became a totally new person. I need to know for sure if what I have been experiencing are really orgasms, or what. This sometimes happens as many times as 10 in one session. The discharge is hot and watery, sort of like urine; not at all like sperm. I did not think you could urinate while having sex; is this true?

I would appreciate a little information about this. I do not know who else to ask.

*Ms T.P.,*
*Townsville, Qld.*

*Everyone describes orgasm differently. This is not surprising, as every individual has his or her own subjective interpretation of any experience.*

*Clinically speaking, an orgasm is a specific reflex to sensation of a certain kind. If you are not sure what a reflex is, remember what happens when a doctor taps your knee with a rubber hammer (sensory input) — your knee jumps involuntarily in response to the tap. This is an involuntary reflex because your knee jumps without your willing it, whenever it is tapped in the correct way.*

*For an orgasm, the sensory input is much less specific. It can be physical — touching or being touched; or it can be mental — arousing thoughts or fantasies. Most often, it is a combination of the two kinds of stimuli. The exact combination is very individual. The response, in the case of orgasm, is a series of contractions of the pubococcygeus muscle, which forms a band around the entrance to the vagina. Although the sensory input varies from individual to individual and even from time to time, the orgasm is, by clinical definition, these contractions of the pubococcygeus muscle. The contractions are almost one second long, and there may be up to 15 of them. There are usually three or four.*

*But how an orgasm feels is open to interpretation, and subject to the limitations of what you can put into words. Often women describe a warm, pleasant tingling sensation in the pelvic region, which builds in*

*intensity as orgasm nears. There may be a floating feeling and an unawareness of anything but the arousing stimuli, so great is the absorption with sensation.*

*The waves of orgasmic contraction have been described as a fluttering in the vagina, especially when the orgasm occurs during intercourse (this is because the penis inside the vagina prevents the walls of the vagina from contracting in on themselves completely). There is an intensely pleasurable release, similar in some physical ways to a sneeze.*

*The hot, watery fluid you excrete at orgasm is experienced by other women, too. A study now in progress in America is investigating this phenomena of 'gushing'. The fluid may not be urine. Several theories have been proposed about its nature and function but there are no final results in this study yet. But this is certainly nothing for you to worry about. Most partners of women who 'gush' report it a pleasant experience and often a turn-on.*

*Finally, it is possible for a woman to urinate at orgasm. Men have an internal mechanism that prevents urination while they have erections. There is no such structure in the female anatomy. This is usually because of poor pubococcygeus muscle tone and control. You can improve your pc muscle tone with a series of exercises called Kegel exercises. (The exercises were described in detail in Vol. 6 No. 5.)*

**Not so much of a gush** ♂

I am 42, have been married for 17 years and am the father of four children. Not long ago my wife told me that she can never tell during intercourse when I reach my climax. When I said 'but surely you used to?' she said nothing. Now I remember that, when we first started lovemaking she used to ask me whether I had climaxed as she couldn't tell then. And presumably has not been able to all these years although she had not complained. The fact is that I did not ejaculate properly and don't seem able to. The semen is emitted rather than ejaculated so I cannot wonder that my wife does not feel it.

After puberty, and discovering my sexuality, I started masturbating which I found extremely satisfying (although I felt guilty about it) and this was my only sexual gratification until I was about 18. Having masturbated almost every night for some five years, I then began to worry that I might have harmed my sex organs and jeopardised my future love life. Articles I have read on the matter all say that masturbation is not harmful but I have my doubts in view of my own poor performance since getting married.

By the way, I have tried masturbating again recently but still did not achieve a real ejaculation.

The last time I remember producing a real spurt was when I was 19 and my then girlfriend (not my present wife) encouraged me to make love to her one night. In my excitement and eagerness I ejaculated prematurely before coupling and sent a jet of semen into the air. I have never had another climax like it since.

I have had no abdominal surgery of any kind. Is it possible to 'wear out' one's sexual equipment by frequent masturbation? Why should I be sexually inadequate in this way?

I find the subject too embarrassing to discuss with my doctor.

*Mr R.G.,*
*Port Kembla, NSW.*

*How can you say you are inadequate when you have been successfully married for 17 years, maintained a loving relationship with your wife and are the proud father of four children? What you are really saying is that you don't come up to your very high expectations of yourself.*

*There is no such thing as a proper ejaculation, neither does this have to take*

*place in order for a woman to be inseminated successfully. Semen sometimes spurts out, but, far more commonly, tends to dribble out of the end of the penis. The way the semen is ejaculated has no bearing whatsoever on potency.*

*Another thing I must make quite clear is that women cannot feel, except in exceptional circumstances, a man ejaculating. It is not surprising, therefore, that your wife has never felt you coming inside her. Very occasionally women can feel a man ejaculating, but only if he either makes a considerable amount of movement or the muscles in his penis are pulsing strongly and she is lying perfectly still and concentrating on her vagina. Most women can tell however when a man ejaculates from the change in his breathing and by his movement, though not by the actual ejaculation itself.*

*It is not possible either to damage yourself through excessive masturbation. Nature finds her own level, and if you have masturbated too much then it will not be possible to ejaculate, or you will have what is known as a 'dry ejaculation' with very little semen being emitted. In fact, the more you use your sexual organs through masturbation, the more frequently you will be able to ejaculate and the more sexy you will be, so rather than damaging yourself by masturbating frequently, you will have maintained your potency by this method, so please don't believe any articles you read about masturbation damaging your health in any way. It's just not true!*

*Strength of ejaculation is sometimes linked to sexual excitement. Perhaps your own marriage is rather humdrum and it is unlikely that your wife drives you to the peaks of sexual excitement that your girlfriend did when you were 19. That was a rare, if not unique occurrence, and your penis reacted on that occasion in a unique way for it, but this was not normal for you.*

*Reading between the lines, I think that,*

**COMING SOON**
from Forum

**WHY MORE PEOPLE ARE TURNING TO CHIROPRACTORS!**

**SATURDAY PARENT**
what good does it do? Plenty

**SEXUAL HOMEWORK FOR WOMEN**
throw away those dusters

**ORAL SEX**
many women find it hard to accept and enjoy

MAIL YOUR SUBSCRIPTION **NOW**

*now you are 42, and you have been married for so long, you are beginning to think that sex is dull and that you yourself have become inadequate. You have forgotten your past successes, and can think only of your failures and the fear that your wife must be going off you, largely because you are reaching the time of your life when you feel yourself getting old. Actually, 42 is a good age for a man. You are in the prime of your life! This is certainly true intellectually, and your intellectual capabilities count for just as much, if not more, than your sexual life. So try and cheer up, and don't believe everything you read.*

### Viva Prohibition ♂

I am a 24-year-old man, I once had a female companion who was very sexually active and energetic. This lady used an unusual method of birth control. I do not know if it works, or if it was just good luck that she never got pregnant.

She used to introduce vodka into her sexual channels before and after intercourse. She said she also got intoxicated this way — I do not know if her membranes actually absorbed the alcohol or if she just got so hot she thought she was intoxicated. She said it all started when she used vodka mixed with water while she was masturbating. The warming-cooling sensation turned her on. She reduced the amount of water gradually, and also began using the vodka mixture for a douche. She now prefers to use straight vodka.

The first time I met this woman, I asked her where the smell was coming from. She said: 'You'll see'. When I went down on her pretty pussy I soon found out. I asked her if it burned, and she replied that it didn't. When I slid my penis into her, it did burn me, mostly at the opening of the urethra, but after a while I got used to it.

Is using vodka this way really an effective form of birth control? Could it be dangerous to the lining of the male or female genital tracts, or affect vaginal chemistry in any way? Also, would vodka help kill germs or prevent VD?

*Mr J.S.,*
*Brisbane, Qld.*

*No, using a vodka douche is not an effective birth control measure and it certainly will not kill gonococcus or the Treponema pallidum, the corkscrew-like spirochete that causes syphilis. Nor is it harmless.*

*Alcohol is absorbed through the lining of the vagina, which would account for your partner's 'high'. Using alcohol this way will disturb the vaginal chemistry and dehydrate the organ. It will irritate the urethral lining and produce irritation, pain and 'burning' sensations in the vaginal tissues.*

*The burning sensation at the tip of your penis is a sign that the alcohol in the vodka in your partner's vagina is also giving you a local irritation. You may get used to the sensation, but the irritating effects of the urethritis thus induced will not go away. If your partner continues douching with vodka before you make love, the practice may eventually lead to disease and dysphoria.*

*As for drinking, if you like vodka, drink it from a glass. Cunnilingus ought not be a substitute for a cocktail.*

### Hair around nipples ♀

I am a 17-year-old woman. I have recently discovered tiny dark hairs growing around my nipples. This really bothers me, so I have been removing the hairs with tweezers.

Is it common for women to have hair around their nipples? Is tweezing them safe? If not, what is?

*Ms G.K.,*
*Dubbo, NSW.*

*This hair is entirely normal. There is no need to remove it except for cosmetic reasons.*

*There is no harm in removing these hairs with tweezers, providing you do it carefully to avoid infecting the hair follicles. The hair may also be removed with a razor or scissors, if the same precautions are taken to avoid infection.*

*Another alternative is to stop worrying about it. Since hair around the nipples is entirely normal, and to most people is not unattractive, there is really no need to go to any lengths to remove it. I assume the tweezing is unpleasant and has to be repeated frequently. Are you sure you want to bother, when you could just forget about it? The hair will grow back in any case, unless you try electrolysis, which would be expensive and entails some risks. A lot of people find such nipple hair sexually attractive.*

**Penis enlarger** ♂

I have seen several ads about penis-enlarging devices, which look something like suction tubes. What I want to know is, do these things work? Are they safe? How do they work, exactly?

*Mr J.M.,*
*Townsville, Qld.*

*I, too, have seen many ads 'guaranteeing' a larger penis with so-called penis-enlargement devices. But take care; there is no evidence at all in medical literature that the penis can grow after the normal maturation process is complete in adolescence. This is confirmed by most urologists.*

*Normal growth of the penis is controlled by a hormone called dihydro-testosterone, a byproduct of the male hormone testosterone. Unlike the rest of the organs in the body, which don't reach adult size until about the age of 20, the penis reaches its adult and mature size in mid-adolescence. Usually, this occurs between 14 and 16, although it may be as late as 18.*

*There are several diseases and conditions that can result in abnormally small — less than two centimetres in length — growth of the penis, a condition known as micropenis. If the cause of an underdeveloped penis is congenital, treatment consists in applying testosterone ointment to the penis. On the other hand, if micropenis is due to an acquired disease or condition, it is usually treated by replacement testosterone and management of the disease itself. It should be stressed that all of these treatments must be undertaken before or early in adolescence in order to be effective.*

*Regarding penis enlargers; the penis is composed of three spongy vascular cylinders. The two upper cylinders are specialised networks of blood vessels with valves that open and close in response to sexual stimulation, making erection possible. These vascular cavities and tubes expand during erection and contract and relax when the erection goes down.*

*Penis enlarging devices are designed to exploit this capacity, and work on the principle of suction. A suction tube is placed over the penis and a partial vacuum created around it. The effect is to stretch the vascular tissues of the erection cylinders, in an effort to increase the penis in size and length. However, the elastic properties of these specialised tissues of the penis give it the ability to stretch — and then recoil back to its original size.*

*The penis may look longer and larger immediately after use of one of these devices, but this effect is temporary and due to the swelling of the over-stretched tissues. Once the swelling subsides, the penis shrinks back to its original size.*

*There is definitely a risk involved in the use of penis-enlargement devices. Frequent use of the device, or overstretching of the penis, can damage tissues permanently or rupture blood vessels. These injuries cause internal bleeding and later, formation of scar tissue, which can interfere with*

*normal erection and may produce an abnormal curvature of the penis during erection. This bend in the penis makes sex difficult, painful, or even impossible.*

*Having said all this I must mention that some Forum readers have reported the enlargers do have an effect. Others have tried them with no result. So it is a bit of a gamble and a risky one at that. Finally you must know that female satisfaction has little do with penis size. The majority of women consider emotional sensitivity and skilful clitoral stimulation far more important to their sensual enjoyment than penis size. It would be far better for you — and more effective, too — to learn and apply erotic stimulation techniques in your lovemaking, and to seek genuine emotional intimacy. Don't worry about the size of your penis. Your partners almost certainly don't.*

**Offence** ♂

I am seeking your advice on a matter of importance to me.

Since the age of 13 I have been a transvestite and very happy to be free and natural. Over the years I have tried to emulate all aspects of looking like a woman in private but not in public. I enjoy sex and being with the right woman and try as much as possible to be equal to her if you know what I mean.

At times I get the strong inner feeling to be in public what I am in private. To be the complete me. How far can a transvestite go without conflict or offence? Is it wrong to dress as one wishes to? I would sincerely like the opinion of an expert as it is not part of me to want to hurt or upset anyone I meet.

*Mr S.M.,*
*Brisbane, Qld.*

*The feelings you express are typical of those transvestites who pursue their activities in complete privacy. After some time most transvestites express a desire to appear dressed in public.*

*With regard to your enquiries about the law, Tasmania is the only state in Australia where specific legislation exists in relation to transvestism. A very old Tasmanian statute decrees that men shall not wear dresses between 6.00 am and 6.00 pm.*

*More generally, it is the experience of many Australian transvestites that most people do not react aggressively or directly ridicule transvestites when they encounter them in public. There are, however, documented instances of discrimination occurring in licensed premises. Summary Offences legislation give the police in most States an implied power to act when they suspect the motives of any person whose appearance or actions attract their attention. There have been instances of brutal intimidating action by police officers but most often police officers have been inclined to ignore the appearance of the transvestite or they use their implied authority to escort or direct the person to their home.*

*Recently in Sydney the NSW police were invited to send a representative to a seminar workshop on the topic of 'Transvestism and the Law'. The invitation was declined with the explanation that transvestism was not illegal in NSW. The official attitude was apparently that a police representative would thus have little to contribute to the discussion.*

*The best course of action for you at this stage is to establish contact with other transvestites. I recommend that you write to the National Seahorse Club of Australia, PO Box 89, Norwood SA 5067. If there are other transvestites in your area who have formed a social group, The Seahorse Club will, if you wish, refer you to them. If you do not wish to meet other transvestites at this stage you may retain an affiliate status and receive magazines and newsletters as well as being given the opportunity of corresponding with other transvestites.*

## Inverted nipples ♀

I am a 19-year-old female who has inverted nipples. This problem was worse when I was younger. They have come out a little over the years, but not enough to satisfy me.

I feel very self-conscious and embarrassed although none of my partners have really said anything about it. I have desperately wanted normal nipples for so long. None of my partners seem dissatisfied with my inverted nipples, but I am!

Is there something I can do to change this condition? Is there some medical procedure that would correct it? Please help!

*Ms C.N.,*
*Mt. Isa, Qld.*

*The nipple is composed of erectile tissue which stiffens into prominence when a person is erotically stimulated. Most nipples are completely flat until they are stimulated, but an inverted nipple tends to fold in on itself; and yes, there is something you can do about it. There is a very simple exercise taught to pregnant women who plan to nurse but have inverted nipples, which could be of help to you.*

*The inverted nipple is reversed by pressing gently on both sides with thumb and forefinger, then rolled gently between the fingers several times. This should be repeated several times a day. You say that you have already seen an improvement in your problem over the years. This exercise should help even more — in two or three months your nipples will stand out quite normally when stimulated.*

*Still, it is a little odd that you are so distressed about this when none of your partners has shown any concern. They seem to accept you more easily than you accept yourself. Certainly there is nothing wrong with improving your appearance, and if inverted nipples upset you as much as you indicate they do, I suggest you give the exercises a try. But you might also try feeling better about yourself as you are and accepting yourself as your partners do.*

## Confusing questions ♂

In relation to the article re 'Impotence' in Vol. 5 No. 12, possibly you may be able to answer my queries.

1. Re the minor movement of an excited penis and the major movement associated with ejaculation and climax of a male: Could the lack of these two functions as described, be a condition classed as impotency, is this a stage before erection starts to become difficult, or could it be that the condition is able to be reversed or cured by known medical treatment?
2. Is the minor movement of an erected penis helpful in a more gentle penetration of a vagina? Is the major movement of an erected penis after male climaxing reasonably necessary to help the female partner achieve a climax?

*Mr M.L.,*
*Sydney, NSW.*

*Despite having re-read the article on impotence to which you refer, I am afraid I do not know what you mean by 'major' and 'minor' movement of the penis.*

*If these terms refer to the amplitude of or vigour of penile thrusting in and out of the vagina, you are roughly correct in assuming that during intercourse as male ejaculation and orgasm approach, there is often (but not invariably) a tendency for the male to increase the frequency and depth of penile stroking.*

*It is possible for either or both of the functions of ejaculation and orgasm to be lost in the male. Inability to ejaculate and climax in the male is a dysfunction called inhibited ejaculation or ejaculatory incompetence. It usually is associated with normal erectile ability, at least in the early stages, and should therefore not be labelled impotence, which term ought to be reserved for erectile problems. Not rarely, however, persistent*

*ejaculatory inhibition leads to secondary erectile impotence on a psychological basis.*

*It is important to understand that while ejaculation and orgasm in the male commonly go together, they can occur independently of each other. For example, it is possible to ejaculate but not experience an orgasm — various physical disorders and psychological problems can lead to this unhappy state of affairs. Some people with physical disorders can experience normal orgasm, but not ejaculate — for example, sometimes after major surgery for cancer of the rectum, the ability to erect and to ejaculate are lost due to nerve damage at operation, but the ability to experience an orgasm is retained.*

*Additionally, there is the phenomenon of retrograde ejaculation, where an orgasm ejaculation occurs, but the ejaculate is passed backward into the bladder, a state of affairs which may cause the affected male to believe that he has not ejaculated at all . . .*

*Ejaculatory inhibition is in no way a necessary or even a very common stage in the development of erectile impotence. Most men with erectile impotency have not suffered from ejaculatory inhibition and some men with ejaculatory inhibition, even in its most severe form, never develop erectile impotence.*

*Ejaculatory inhibition and/or orgastic failure in the male are sometimes amenable to treatment, although the outlook depends upon causation. If irreversible physical disorders are present, the problem is often untreatable although, here, certain drugs taken prior to lovemaking can sometimes help to bring on ejaculation and orgasm.*

*It is worth mentioning that a common cause of ejaculatory and orgastic inhibition is chemical or pharmacologic — i.e. due to drugs, especially some of those used to treat high blood pressure, and alcohol.*

*Ejaculatory and/or orgastic failure in the male which is secondary to psychological factors is often amenable to modern sex therapy techniques but the success rate is very variable and nowhere near as good as in cases of premature ejaculation.*

*As to your second question, gentle penetration of the vagina is always desirable, and this requires gentle penile insertion. As the male usually cannot see exactly where the penis needs to go, it is highly desirable that the female partner do the actual inserting — that way painful insertion can be largely avoided provided that there is adequate lubrication and that the vaginal entrance is adequately relaxed. It would appear that many women (perhaps even most) are unable to climax purely as a result of penile movement within the vagina (see Forum Vol. 7 No. 7 page 15) no matter what intercourse technique is used. Women who are capable of reaching orgasm purely from penile movement within the vagina, do so by a wide variety of manoeuvres, which do not necessarily involve in and out penile movement within the vagina. Some of the techniques such women use are listed in Forum Vol. 7 No. 7 page 19. Do not make the mistake of believing that lovemaking is not satisfactory unless the woman is brought to orgasm as a result of penile movement within the vagina. Lovemaking means just that, and provided both partners enjoy themselves and wind up having a satisfactory orgasm by some means, the actual technique of producing the orgasm is irrelevant.*

**Why don't YOU write to FORUM**

# Blue Movies of the Mind

Margaret Phillips tells you how to extend your fantasies to improve your relationship

**What is the greatest sex organ of them all? Answer. The mind. Which movie house can we visit every night of the week to view pornographic material? Answer. The mind. What is man's cheapest entertainment? No, it's not self stimulation, nor is it love-making although they may be connected. It's making pictures in the mind.**

**Sexual fantasies are recognised, increasingly, to play a vital part in keeping our energies and our relationships alive and well. Great psychoanalysts such as Jung, long realised the value of fantasy and dreaming, and used both as a creative and practical basis for diagnosis.**

**Today sex therapists teach women**

**who have never experienced orgasm how to use fantasy. Husbands and wives, married for years, nightly go to bed with each other and with a mental crowd of loving companions. It's their way of keeping their loving fresh and alive for each other, after years of the same physical sex patterns.**

**Feminists debate the gritty points, of whether it is desirable as women to be turned on by masochistic and sexist mind creations which mentally 'degrade' them. No one yet seems to have come up with the answer. My personal view of fantasy is that it is nature's way of providing a safety valve. Instead of going out and committing or taking part in those gang rapes, Nazi violations or S/M perpetrations, we merely go through these extreme activities in our mind, thus preserving the welfare of ourselves and others. (What about the school that argues if we get an idea in our head we are preparing ourselves to carry out in fact the same idea? This may be true to some degree. But with every activity, most of us draw a dividing line between good and bad. It is only psychopaths who carry out their extreme fantasies. They are the people missing that cut-off link which tells them where the border line exists between what is harmful and what is not.)**

**Most of us, if given the opportunity to turn a fantasy into reality find that reality is totally different. Peter, a sexology student in California, recently expressed his dream to be made love to by two lesbians. As it happened there were two lesbians in his group who, on hearing his heart's desire, instantly volunteered to make it come true for him. He hated it. It wasn't at all what he had in mind. In his dreams it had always been he who was in command of the players. In real life, the players were in command of themselves.**

**This bad experience of Peter's didn't mean however that it wasn't a valuable one. He was able to work out more clearly for himself, as a result, just what is attractive to him. He decided that he liked heterosexual women better, but still held to his preference for making love with more than one of them. It is not always so easy to put this kind of multiple arrangement into practice but in his fantasies now he makes love with many women at the same time. In his mental bedroom there are always eight lovely women waiting to welcome him.**

**Peter's story is a good example of how a fantasy can be used to enrich a life both by dreaming and by using those dreams. Conversely, it is also interesting to chart the growth of a person's sexual activity and ally this with the growth of their fantasy life. Which comes first? The sexual experience or the relevant fantasy?**

**Hilary's story describes the growth of a young girl's sensuality through her fantasy life. At 19, her fantasies and sexual experience were very different from her later activities as a 32-year-old wife and mother. Fantasy and sex interest seem from her description to be closely bound up with each other. As her sex urge awakens so, too, her fantasies proliferate.**

**HILARY**

'I started off fantasising as a teenager and I suppose then my fantasies were based in reality. I would see a bloke in the street, fancy him and wonder what it would be like to go to bed with him. I would find myself picturing having sex with him. I think the proximity of the man had a lot to do with how I was turned on. I could do this with people I was talking to, standing close to. I would suddenly find I was off in a sexual day-dream about him even while he stood there chatting in front of me. And I would have an orgasm. I didn't know it was an orgasm at the time. But I would get waves of lovely feelings and a lot of tingly sensations. I'm sure, now, looking back that they were orgasms.

Much later, when I was about 23, I would orgasm during sex only if I was crazily in love. I felt these orgasms very much in my

vagina. I was never aware of my clitoris being touched or even being involved with the sensations. It was very much to do with copulation. But I had to be madly in love. The less intense I was, the less the feelings.

I had never really masturbated. I mean I had when I was about 13 with another girl. But that was just playing around. When we found a good spot, we thought, that's nice, so we hung around those good sensations. But I didn't know that we were masturbating. And I never, ever, did it with myself, only briefly with her.

When I started going to bed with men regularly, at about 18, I think I was as much in love with the art of sex as with sex itself. I used to think about it for three hours beforehand and build up to it in every way. I would go through a whole ritual of rigorous perfuming and talcing. Every inch of me, every orifice would smell good and look good. In fact, looking good was a very great part of it. If I knew I was spotty and horrid, it wouldn't work. If I don't turn myself on I'm not capable of turning anyone else on.

I think all this preparation had a lot to do with insecurity too. I was very unconfident then. I had to build up my own ego to go into the fray. But also the ritual of preparation was a kind of fantasy for me. It would work me up and make me sexy.

With Gordon I was in love for the first time in an adult way. I couldn't wait to leap into bed with him. And when I got there we were immediately very sexual. There didn't have to be such a great build-up. For the first time I had specific waves of orgasmic feelings, great waves of it. Really marvelious. I didn't fantasise with him at all. I was 23 then.

I often couldn't see him for a very long time and I missed him very much. I was married but I simply couldn't get tuned in to my husband's lovemaking at all. He was far too aggressive and matter-of-fact about it. I would lie awake for hours beside him in bed, missing Gordon violently. And that is when I first began truly to fantasise. Without moving a muscle (I couldn't for fear of waking up Hugh, it was like being in prison) I

would remember all the very sexy incidents of my lovemaking with Gordon, and I would come. Without touching myself or moving any part of me, I would have a climax. Those orgasms started right in the brain. Hot liquid feeling would shoot down me, I would be very moist between the legs, and feel very hot on the outer lips, waves of lovely feeling would go through me. I would feel it most in the stomach and the vagina. It would be as though the mental action of my fantasy would get taken over by the physical action of my body.

I didn't do this only in bed, either. I used to do it, quite involuntarily, standing in a bus queue.

At the time when Parker was my lover (I was 26) I was really into sexy underwear. I became turned on by wearing lacy black panties and frilly suspender belts, so much that I started to wear them in bed. And from then on it just seemed a natural addition to put a bit of rope here and there, tie each other to the bedposts, mostly me being tied I must say. We were acting out roles that I guess were coming out of our heads from

somewhere. Perhaps they were fantasies that had always been there.

Then a couple of years later with Adrian I went through a period of straight but very exciting sex. We did a lot of screwing in cars, and of course, since the whole relationship was illicit, it was very exciting anyway.

Eventually we spent a week together in a flat. That was some week. We discovered we were both very much into the sado-masochistic scene. Where Parker had been reluctant to do anything to me that might even remotely hurt, Adrian was far more dominant and explorative.

We were both excited by ropes and constraint. He once tied me up with my stockings. I would do wild sexy strips for him, taking off very slowly my sexiest, flimsiest underwear. I would perform for him in the sleaziest strip club way. He once poured whisky on me which hurt like hell for a long time afterwards. But it was still terribly exciting. He spanked with hairbrushes, whipped me across the bum. I remember when I went back home to my husband at the end of the holiday I didn't dare let him see me naked for a week because my bottom was covered with marks. And my love life was absolutely great for quite some little while.

Eventually I left Hugh for Adrian and I had a more regular relationship, less an affair, more of an open understanding. Then, suddenly I went off the S/M completely, I just didn't want to do it. I think I had worked it out of my system. Which was pretty grim for Adrian. Because he had bargained on having this ultra sexy fetishistic girl, which suited him perfectly. And there I was, changed.

But to give Adrian credit, he had always been very innovative with sex, and I think he has been great for me. We somehow got back to screwing, but now, instead of me constantly performing all these crazy things, he started telling me fantasies.

He would start by telling a story about something sexual, and the something sexual would be happening to me. Once I had started to get turned on by it he would penetrate me but would still carry on with the story at the same time. He has a great imagination. He is an actor and a playwright and a lovely storyteller.

He had two fantasies that always worked for me. But they had to be kept the same in every detail every time he told them to me. In one, I would be a young girl walking down a street. At the other end, waiting for me, is a gang of youths on motor bikes with chains in their hands. I know I have to get past them, because they mean business — menacing sexual business, but somehow I don't really want to get past them. As I am walking, I am wriggling my bottom and wiggling my tum and feeling very sexy with my movements and my appearance. And needless to say when I get to them one of them reaches out his hand and . . . they pull me into an alley, rip my knickers off, and every one of them has me, one by one, in turn. And I'm pretending I don't like it, crying out in protest, 'No, no, stop it.' But really I would be devastated if they did stop it. Because each motor bikist is super.

The other fantasy is my Deep South Down on the Old Plantation Fantasy. Here I would be a mincing high class lady in Old Virginia. He is a black slave working in the fields. I am a stuffy nosed bitch and he is going to have me, white trash that I am, just to prove he can teach me a lesson.

I am walking across a field, with long lush grass, I have to go through it to get to the road to go to town. Flowing through the field is a river. It is quite a big, full river and all the action takes place on the banks. It's very muddy. And as I roll around taken by the black slave, my crinoline dress gets covered in slimy grey mud, and my body is covered in this wet mud mixture. The black guy works for my father. The slave's supposed to be working in the fields; instead he lies in wait for me. He is someone who doesn't give a damn about how I am going to look when he is finished mauling me in the mud. It is a total abandon of everything a woman like that would ever stand for. Just the feeling of getting messed up turns me on.

Until I met Adrian therefore my fantasies were always rooted in reality. It was he who made me realise there is a world of sexy stories in my head. I think the one thing that worries me when we do this together is that I don't see Adrian when I am in the middle of the fantasy, I see someone else. And since he is the one who is making love to me, this bothers me.

Then I discovered the vibrator and long-life batteries. I had used a vibrator a couple of times before. But it hadn't dawned on me to use it on the clitoris. I had just put it in the vagina. I would become turned on by it, but certainly not orgasmic.

Once again things started off with Adrian taking the initiative and using the vibrator on me. As I say, Adrian has always been marvellous about taking the lead in bed and in getting me to do so, too. Before re-discovering the vibrator I had always thought that my orgasms depended on how I felt at the time and who the person was. Now I know that's wrong. It could be a chimpanzee on the other end of the vibrator and it would still work.

My vibrator fantasies are very different from the scenes with Adrian. They started off with me making a Blue Movie (in the fantasy I mean). There are a lot of people involved in this film, all watching from shadowy corners around the set. It starts with my making a deal, fixing the price, going into the business details.

We start the movie. And once I get really excited I'll do anything. I'm out of control, not in command of my actions anymore. And the film men can see that I'll do ANYTHING, and they start making suggestions, more and more outrageous suggestions, and each time, the crazier the things are more the more excited I become. Until I come.

Then there is the Dog fantasy. I'm walking one fine afternoon and I pick up a fella there who is out for a walk with his German Shepherd. I invite them back to my flat and find myself in bed with the man. While we are having it off the dog wanders around, looking vaguely interested. 'Would you

mind?' asks the man afterwards gesturing towards the dog, 'he looks as though he really likes you.' 'Not at all,' I say. The request has been so polite yet casual. The request has sounded so unimportant. But in the back of my mind I know that I shouldn't be doing this. And that too is very exciting.

At the Lesbian Club I meet a very large woman, who starts kissing me. Then she takes me back to her place and gives me an incredible grope which culminates in her going down on me. When she has finally got me so excited that I'm nearly coming she stops . . . It turns out to be a follow-up of the dog situation. It seems she has a son, mentally deficient, who needs sexual contact. And that the only reason she has brought me back is to procure for him. Wearily I allow this person to sprawl all over me.

The Cinema fantasy brings me to climax amazingly fast. I'm sitting in the dark next to a dirty old man. While we are both watching the screen, he slowly, creepingly, starts moving his hand up underneath my skirt.

And he really doesn't have to get it very far before I come.

At the Transport Cafe I'm a dolly lady in a sports car. I have gone in for a coffee and I get picked up by a huge, big, enormous, fat, ghastly looking lorry driver. He takes me off to his lorry where we have it away. His ugliness makes me feel there's no way I can fall in love with someone so unappetising. So screwing him is therefore so perverted that I get a very big kick out of doing so in my dream. I have lots of fantasies about fat, grose men.

My latest one is about a Pensioner. It started off as the pensioner who feels me up in the cinema. Only when it goes on, it turns out that his mate is sitting in the row in front of us. So he taps him on the shoulder to show him what he is doing, and the second old man moves his seat into the back row on the other side of me. And now they are both feeling me up. And I'm feeling them up at the same time. Then we go back to their flat where I have it off with first one then the other. The first old man takes his false teeth out and goes down on me. Afterwards we sit in the kitchen having a cup of tea and a digestive biscuit. 'Would you be willing to do this with us on a regular basis?' they ask me. 'We need a regular sexual outlet and you might do for it.'

I have had a second fantasy about the same situation. This time they have invited about 12 old age pensioners around for the occasion. I have to do a strip in my most provocative way in order to help them get it up. Not very easy when you are as decrepit as they are.

I writhe around on the stage as lewdly as possible because I know I have to do my duty by them. Only, part of me knows I don't have to and the truth is it is just me being lewd. And I like this feeling of abandon.

I don't think I would actually act out any of my fantasies. I have very often wondered how I would feel if I did. If I would get as turned on in real life? But I suspect I wouldn't.

I do know that from being a teenager who thought she was frigid and never came, I have learnt through using the vibrator and my imagination that I am highly sexed.

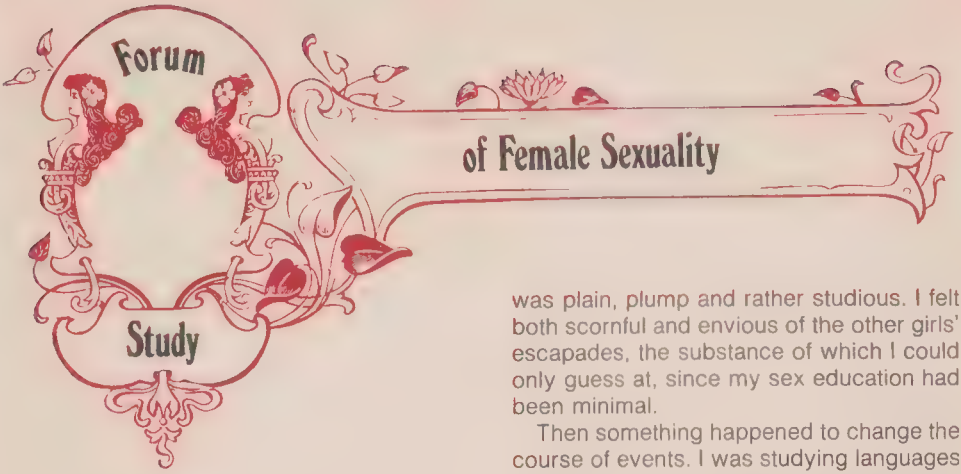
★ ★ ★

**Hilary is aware of how her fantasies grow and expand out of each other. Each time she climaxes, the fantasy fades immediately. Yet with her pensioners, in some versions, she is sitting in the kitchen afterwards, drinking tea. Somewhere, in a later version, more details have slipped in. She isn't remotely bothered about the fact that in her fantasies she is abused, used and masturbated by ugly and repulsive men. She wants to feel like this in her dream life. In reality, though, she is a strong, forceful character who has actively re-shaped her life by instigating a divorce and is someone who if truly used and abused would react strongly with defiance, disdain and dislike.**

**When she was experimenting with Parker and later with Adrian, in bondage and S/M, even though it was she who was tied to the bed with her own silk stockings, it was also she who began this activity in the first place. And once she had enough of it, it most decidedly stopped.**

**Some of the key to what turns Hilary on, lies in the lure of illicit sex. Once her relationship with Adrian came out into the open, she lost, for a period, any sexual feeling for him. What came to the rescue of her obviously high sex drive was Adrian's ability to channel her interests into an alternative direction. If she could no longer do something forbidden sexually in real life, then she could certainly still go on to any lengths in her mind.**

**Fantasy for Hilary therefore has not only acted as a rescue operation, but has grown from there. She has learnt that she is a highly sexed woman with a versatile and creative mind. From being an unconfident girl, afraid to live alone, she now knows that she is always going to be sexually self-confident. With this knowledge she is making balanced and mature decisions about her present lifestyle in a way that previously was impossible.**




A unique opportunity to share in the life of one woman: her joys and frustrations, loving and sexuality. Introducing:

**NAME:** Margaret
**AGE:** 27
**PROFESSION:** Counsellor
**PLACE:** Adelaide

Ever since adolescence, sex has been important to me, although I was a 'late starter' as regards relationships with the opposite sex. At 15, most of my classmates at the convent school I attended were wearing stockings and make-up, mainly to attract the attention of pupils from the neighbouring boys' school. Now and again there would be a scandal: someone had become pregnant, and was leaving prematurely to marry her schoolboy lover: or someone would disappear for a few days and return, subdued, after a much gossiped-about abortion. I often felt excluded: I had no boyfriend, which was not surprising, since I was plain, plump and rather studious. I felt both scornful and envious of the other girls' escapades, the substance of which I could only guess at, since my sex education had been minimal.

Then something happened to change the course of events. I was studying languages at school, so my parents arranged an educational visit to a Mediterranean country. Off I went, grey skirt stretched around my plump bottom, white socks neatly turned down at my ankles, spectacles firmly seated on my nose. But my new hosts soon introduced me to their way of life.

One unfamiliar custom was the 'paseo': an evening walk up and down the length of the main street, where one would greet passing friends and relatives, and perhaps drop into a wine bar. I soon realised that the 'paseo' functioned as more than a means of obtaining regular exercise and fresh air. Before setting out, the girls of the family took as much care over their appearance as they would have done if going to a dance. The reason became apparent almost as soon as we left the house. Again and again we were hailed or accosted by the town's young bucks, who called out various flattering or ribald remarks and tried to attract our attention. I couldn't believe it: the compliments were overwhelming and, instead of feeling like an ugly duckling, I began to gain a sense of my desirability as a woman.

After a few days, I ventured out alone, and usually it wasn't long before a young man started to follow me. I revelled in the attention, and full of excitement, let him take me somewhere quiet and kiss me. Now and

again, one would try to go further. I remember one boy trying to put his hand up my skirt, but I stopped him, full of fear and Catholic guilt.

My religion was so important to me that I had considered becoming a nun. However, while I was abroad, I began to see Catholicism in a different light, and this too had its effect on my sexual development. The churches were astoundingly ornate: intricately designed ceilings coated in gold, jewelled goblets and satin cloths on the altars. In stark contrast to this splendour were the beggars who sat on the steps, covered in sores, dressed in rags, and pleading for a sum which would usually be much less than one had placed in the collection plate. It didn't seem right to me, and I grew discontented with my religion.

And so I returned home, 16-years-old, angry with the Church, and glowing with a new sense of my womanliness.

I began to frequent continental cafes, and soon met the man who was to become my first sexual partner. He was Algerian, much older than I, and sexually experienced. I didn't love him and never pretended that I did, but I wanted desperately to prove my desirability and, at the same time, to do something which would establish my rejection of Catholic morality. To my naive adolescent mind, losing my virginity was a way of doing both.

The relationship soon began to develop flaws, but I found difficulty in bringing it to a close because before long I found myself increasingly dependent on sex — no longer a means of proving anything, but a pleasure in its own right. I wanted more and more and more, and I thought that giving up my boyfriend would cut off my supply! Eventually, however, we did split up, and it wasn't long after this that I met my first love.

All this time I was, of course, living with my parents, but this didn't restrict my sexual adventures. I told them I was going to dances (something I had never done in my life!) and that I would be back late or would stay with friends. However, when I met Jim, there was a problem: he lived in lodgings with a very strict landlady on the premises, and he didn't have a car either — so we had nowhere to go! I remember one day after school, going to his lodgings and sitting in the communal sitting room in which other lodgers were watching television. One of them had his girlfriend there, and they were kissing each other in a corner. Soon Jim started kissing me, and as he became aroused he pushed me back on to the sofa and moved on top of me. I could feel his hard prick though his trousers and my school skirt, which was riding up round my thighs. My school knickers were wet and I was conscious of the other lodgers watching us. Unfortunately, Jim also became conscious of the watching eyes, and suddenly stopped pushing against me, leaving me aching for more.

There were lots of similarly frustrating occasions — up alleyways, in pub corridors — when he would rub his cock against me but we couldn't go any further. One day I became desperate, and asked a friend if he knew a place we could use. The friend lived with relatives, so we couldn't go there, but he suggested that we made our way to an address which he gave us, where he said there was a bed. When we got there we found that the building was virtually derelict, but one of the rooms showed signs of habitation. I didn't care about the state of the place because there, in the corner was a mattress! I lost no time in getting my knickers off, and we spent the next two hours making love until it hurt.

In the middle of my romance, I was to pay a second visit abroad and, being possessed by the intensity of first love, I wasn't looking forward to going. The pain of leaving Jim, even for a day, seemed intolerable, and what's more, I didn't relish the thought of a month of chastity. About this time, I came across a sex education book in which I read about masturbation. It was something entirely strange to me, but the author of the book said that people did it to relieve the tension of sexual frustration. I thought I would try it when I was overseas.

I hadn't been on holiday for more than a few days, when I began to long for Jim. Then, remembering what I had read, I took off my knickers and began to rub . . . What happened was a revelation . . . After a minute or so the intensity of my excitement quickened; I stopped, surprised — this was the reverse of what the book had claimed; then I felt an urge to continue and my fingers crept between my legs again. Within seconds, the warm, pulsating feeling accelerated and suddenly exploded between my thighs. I felt my head arch backwards and heard myself cry out like an exotic animal. I lay there feeling hazy and bemused, thinking in amazement and sudden knowledge: 'That's what an orgasm is.'

My new discovery possessed me. For the remainder of that holiday, I masturbated whenever I could, discovering all the variations of my response: how sometimes the orgasm would be sharp, intense and quickly over, and at other times it would be mellow, rhythmic, lingering; how sometimes I could have several orgasms in sequence, each one a little different, and at other times I would be satisfied after one. I felt excited, intrigued, yet also guilty and puzzled. Instinctively I guessed that what I was doing was 'wrong' — this must be what my prayerbook meant when, under the section headed 'Examination of Conscience' it asked: 'Have you committed any immoral act, either with others or by yourself?' I had never understood that question before.

My puzzlement came from the knowledge that I had never experienced anything comparable with either of my two lovers, which made me wonder whether there was something wrong with me. On my return home I visited a clinic and presented them with my problem. The explanation they said, was my immaturity — as I grew older, the problem would right itself and I would be able to have orgasms during intercourse.

Ten years passed, and the situation remained the same. My relationship with Jim ended, and I acquired other lovers. Soon I began to distinguish which ones were skilful and which were not, yet this made no difference to my inability to have an orgasm with any of them. I became aware of the fragility of the male ego, which so often depends upon the 'success' of bringing the female to orgasm. Soon I stopped confiding in my partners (since most of them seemed to think that they were superman who would make it happen the first time) and instead learned to fake the outward signs of the pleasure that I gave myself in secret.

If ever I did risk telling a man, he would often conclude that my lack of orgasm meant that I did not enjoy sex. Nothing could have been further from the truth! The lack of orgasm only increased my randiness. If a man maintained his erection long enough, I would be brought to the point of 'almost' coming time and time again, and after he had climaxed, I was always ready for more.

I developed various methods of coping with what I still saw as my 'problem'. I derived a great deal of vicarious satisfaction from the man's climax, even though this often seemed less intense than the orgasms I experienced alone. As he began to breathe and move more quickly, and as I felt his cock expand inside me, I would become equally excited. However, no matter how mentally satisfied I felt, the fact remained that my body was not sexually relaxed: my vagina was hot and throbbing, my nipples hard and tender — it was impossible to sleep in that state! What I needed was some time alone, so that I could masturbate, and I got this in various ways: by going to the toilet, or by requesting a cup of tea. Many's the time that a man would return from the kitchen, bearing my drink, only to find me dozing peacefully, in the afterglow of an intense orgasm.

When I masturbated after sex, I didn't need to manufacture sexual fantasies. Usually, I was feeling so randy that I would only need to focus on what we had just been doing, in order to bring myself to the point of coming. Just before my climax, the

mental image was always the same: a rock-hard enormous cock, pointing at my crotch. And at the point of orgasm, the cock thrust its way in.

When I masturbated without having sex my fantasies were more elaborate because I needed some extra stimulation. There were several themes which excited me: sex with strangers, rape, and sex with more than one man. I would recall situations I had read or heard about and pretend that I was the girl in question.

Often my fantasies would not take place in great detail. There would be just an image, like a 'still' from a film: I would be standing in a crowded tube train, and a man would put his hand up my skirt or stroke my bottom; or I might be wearing stockings under a short skirt and would bend over in a public place, causing various passing men to get erections.

Sometimes I read men's magazines while I masturbated. A phrase in a story might excite me, or a particular pose taken by a girl in a photograph. At first I wondered if my arousal by these pictures showed bisexual tendencies, but then I realised that my pleasure was largely narcissistic/exhibitionist: I was that girl in the photo, flaunting my sexuality, for the benefit of the photographer and for hundreds of unknown men.

Lesbianism has never appealed to me, although I have often wished that it did, since my relationships with women have been more satisfying emotionally than those with men. I enjoy female company and have loved some women, but I have never been able to express that love in a sexual way. Perhaps I am frightened, as I am of mixed-sex orgies which have never appealed to me either. The fantasy and reality of my sex-life is men, men, and more men.

In my teens and early 20s, I usually had as much sex as I wanted. I was rarely faithful to one man, changed partners frequently, and experienced a variety of sexual relationships. I discovered how many different things sex can be: a casual, animal encounter; a friendly exchange of pleasure; an intense, ecstatic expression of love.

Sometimes there was a period when I lived with a particular man, usually monogamously. The last of these relationships ended two years ago, when I was 25, and since then sexually satisfying encounters have been rare. People who know this are puzzled, and to some extent it puzzles me, since I am now confident of my sexual attractiveness and can relate to a variety of different people. Yet there are problems in finding a sexual partner. . . .

One problem is the shortage of unattached men in my age-group. Marrried men are plentiful, yet I am reluctant to trespass on another woman's territory. I am aware that her distress, if she discovered the escapade, could be proportionately greater than the pleasure I might gain and I would not risk contributing to that hurt. My own emotional welfare is also at risk: I may enter a relationship purely for sex, yet nature plays tricks, particularly when the object of one's desire is unattainable, and before long I might find myself wishing that man were my partner.

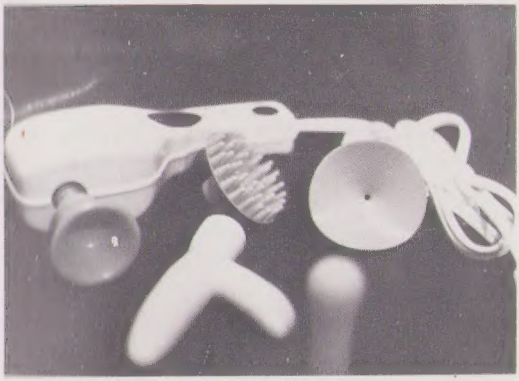
Apart from my emotional needs, there are the man's feelings to consider. Sometimes I have let myself be pursued by a physically attractive man, only to find that he is seeking an emotional involvement which I do not want with him. Once I discover this, I am uncomfortable about using him sexually.

Another problem is that I find few men are skilled at love-making. All too often an apparently virile, attractive man turns out to have erectile difficulties or general lack of sensitivity.

Finally, in this age of so-called 'liberation' of the sexes, it is still difficult for a woman to make the first move in an encounter. Men fantasise about being picked up and seduced, yet when it happens, they are disconcerted or frightened. And being aware of this, I often adopt a passive role, which is the last way to get what one wants.

# Just what we have all been waiting for..

## For Her.... The Plus Five



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